

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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Art. I. *Repertoire Portatif de l'Histoire et de la Littérature des Nations Espagnole & Portugaise.* Par le Chevalier Alvar Augustin de Liágno, Espagnol, aujourd'hui Bibliothécaire de S. M. le Roi de Prusse, et de S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince Henri, Frère du Roi. Tome I. 8vo. pp. xvi. 508 Berlin. 1820.

**T**HE Author of these memoirs is a Spaniard and a Protestant, a combination not a little remarkable; we fear almost anomalous.\* We are unacquainted with the circumstances which led to his conversion to the Reformed Faith; but the enlightened and pious spirit which breathes through these volumes, leads us to believe that it is not a nominal or merely speculative change of sentiment, which has rendered irrevocable his exile from his native land. The ardent love of liberty, civil and religious, by which, in common with many of his fellow patriots and the *Liberals* of the Continent, he is actuated, is evidently subordinate, in his mind, to an attachment to the Gospel of Christ. His patriotism and his liberality are not the ebullition, the insurrection of the feelings, but principles of a truly Christian character. We rejoice to find that there is at least one such writer among the continental literati, and that as librarian to the King of Prussia, he has found an honourable asylum in a foreign land.

The portion of the Repertory at present before us, is occupied

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\* 'Among all the proscribed Spaniards,' says the Chevalier, 'I know not of one who has united himself to a Christian communion separated from Rome, except a learned ecclesiastic, now a member of the Church of England, and myself. Thank God, we both hold in horror the irreligious opinions which confound Christianity with the corruptions of the Papal court; but such is the force of prejudice, that, perhaps, Spaniards who partake of these opinions, and are wretched of the Gospel, will be preferred above us in our own country.'

with a preliminary Essay on the history of the Spanish and Portuguese nations. It is, in fact, a spirited outline of their history, to which it is the Author's intention to annex in the form of illustrative notes, a series of historical essays on the different eras or portions into which the annals of the two nations are divided, together with supplemental '*memoires pour servir à l'histoire des reines Espagnoles et Portugaises.*' These are to be followed up with remarks on the antiquities and medals of the Spanish and Portuguese nations; a notice of the writers whom it would be requisite to consult in prosecuting the study of Spanish and Portuguese history; and a chronology of the Spanish Peninsula, down to the death of Charles III. In the subsequent volumes, should the work meet with adequate encouragement, the Author designs to give the biography of celebrated men and writers, as well as their bibliography, extracts from their works, and a poetical anthology. 'I shall endeavour,' he says, 'to present to learned Europe, in five or seven volumes octavo, all that can be wished for in order to rectify, complete, and give a useful direction to the most diversified researches into the history and literature of two great nations, the study of which is perhaps as important as it is interesting.'

The first epoch is that of the ante-historical age,—Spain in the time of the Phenicians and the Greeks, respecting which the little that is known, is wrapped up in fable, or blended with hypothesis. The tradition that derives the aborigines from Japhet through Tubal, is unworthy of serious examination. There is the highest probability, that the Peninsula was first peopled from Africa, and if so, by the descendants of Ham.

Spain overrun and partly subjugated by the Carthaginians, is the second epoch marked out by the Author for separate illustration. 'In pursuing the career of the great Hannibal,' he remarks, 'we shall have occasion to regret, that a man of such a genius and character was unable either to establish a prosperous and permanent empire in Spain, or to save Carthage.'

'Quelle leçon contre l'esprit de conquête! Quelle démonstration de cette vérité, qu'un grand conquérant est presque toujours un citoyen inutile pour sa patrie quand il n'en prepare pas la ruine entière!'

The disastrous period during which Carthage and Rome made the Iberian soil the arena of their sanguinary contest, is very significantly adverted to, as replete with the most important instruction. The Author must be pardoned should he be thought to regard as somewhat similar, the long protracted contest on the same soil, between two nations whom he would perhaps designate as the modern Carthage and the modern Rome. In some important points, however, the parallel fails.



Speaking of the moral and political lesson to be derived from this part of the history of Spain, the Author remarks :

‘ Two great nations contending for the empire of the world and the means of subjugating it, is a circumstance which must necessarily lead the historian to develop almost all the principles which ought to actuate nations and their sovereigns, in their projects, their enmities, and their alliances. As regards morality, what more useful lesson could the historian find, than that which is presented by the cruel strife between Carthage and Rome ? At what other period has been more evidently displayed the fatal opposition which so often separates moral honesty and state policy ? Carthage and Rome were two rival states, both alike proud, unjust, and oppressive, and both, at the same time, alike hypocritical. The upright historian feels a secret pleasure in having been born at a period when he may in some degree avenge the victims of these two tyrants. The noble nations who inhabited Spain, were perhaps the most illustrious of those victims : alternately misled and overwhelmed, they attached themselves to their oppressors. In no other direction do we find a people aspiring to be really free. For the most part, the nations seemed to imagine themselves incapable of existing without a master : one was all enthusiasm for Rome, another admired and almost adored Carthage. The result of this state of delirium was that long series of combats and disasters which ultimately rendered Spain incapable of enjoying her rights, and of existing, as she deserved, independent and free. I judge that the European nations stand in need of reflecting upon this terrible period in the annals of the world.’

The fourth epoch, Spain consolidated into a Roman province under the first imperial Cæsar, was for a long time adopted by Spanish writers as the commencement of their era, being thirty-eight years earlier than the birth of Christ ;—in Aragon till the year 1358, in Castile twenty-five years later, and in Portugal so late as 1415. The fifth section of the Author’s plan would bring down the history of the Spanish provinces to the disastrous period, ‘ when the effeminacy of the children of Theodosius the Great produced, as a necessary consequence, the fall of the ‘ Roman empire.’

‘ It is well known that those unworthy princes gave it up to the Scythians, to innumerable hordes of ferocious barbarians, whom history compels us to call by that name, although those same barbarians were our ancestors, the founders of the nations to which we belong. This is a terrible epoch ; but it is most useful to recal it to mind in the present day, when Europe is so prone to forget the lesson it reads us. It is by placing before her this period in her annals, that we shall be able to shew her the absurdity of some of the maxims which she proclaims, and the numberless evils which proceed from the corruption of Christianity, from a priesthood in hostility against its august Founder, from institutions and laws opposed to the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, and yet revered as the very spirit of the doctrine of that Divine legislator. It is beyond all doubt, and we flatter our-

selves that we shall be able to demonstrate it in following the philosophical historians who have preceded us, that this degenerate religion, frequently more anti-social in its character, than some modifications of paganism, and uniformly as corrupt, was the principal cause of the triumphs of the hordes of barbarians who succeeded in annihilating the empire of the West.'

In this view of the period in question, the Author avows himself completely at issue with those modern writers who speak of the Gothic ages as the golden reign of morals, religion, and heroism. The just and enlightened manner in which he speaks of that false Christianity which has so long enslaved his own country, retarding its civilization and intercepting the light of the Gospel, is very striking. Nothing has contributed more powerfully to provoke, and seemingly to justify the cavils of infidels against the religion of Christ, and to perplex ingenuous minds in the study of history, than the misapplication of such terms as orthodox and Christian to the semi-pagan monarchs, Roman, Greek, or Gothic, and the anti-christian priests and prelates of the fourth and subsequent centuries. A jealousy for the honour of certain names and titles associated with religion, but which, as they occur in history, are the signs of things as little connected with real Christianity, nay, as foreign from it as the titles of mufti or vizier, has, on the one hand, prompted the attempt to disguise or palliate transactions of the darkest character. On the other hand, the infidel philosopher has been eager to identify the history of the *pseudo* Church, its saints, synods, popes, monks, and inquisitors, with the history of religion itself. In neither case do we find things called by their right names.

After having been for some time the scene of a desolating struggle between the Suevi, the Alans, and the Vandals, Spain, about the middle of the fifth century, fell under the dominion of the Visigoths, who retained possession of it till the commencement of the eighth. The history of this period and of the Moorish invasion, forms the sixth portion of the Author's arrangement.

'In the annals of the Gothic monarchy, we shall have occasion to shew, to the praise of the Goths, that those barbarians knew how to divest themselves of their ferocious manners, and to give the conquered a code which, notwithstanding the imposing criticism of the great Montesquieu, deserves in many parts the admiration of the philosophical civilian. We shall have occasion to praise some other institutions of these successors of the Romans, and we shall find some examples worthy of imitation; but it will be our endeavour to inspire a salutary horror of the absurd and cruel superstition bequeathed, perhaps for ever, to Spain by those fanatics. In tracing the picture of their calamities, their ruin, and the evils which they have succeeded



in rendering almost endemic in this beautiful Peninsula, we shall leave ample materials to the historian who shall be able and willing to oppose a sort of dyke to the re-action by which our contemporaries would bring back again those barbarous ages.'

The Moorish empire in Spain is the seventh epoch. The Author deprecates the pitiable bigotry which denies them the merit of having conferred on the country which they subjugated, the most important and permanent benefits. Among these he enumerates, their having either originated or carried to a high degree of perfection, every branch of public and domestic economy; the introduction of the culture of rice, of sugar, and of cotton; the construction of the canals (azequias) and reservoirs (norias), by means of which, in the kingdom of Granada and some other provinces, water is still distributed through barren and elevated tracts; the most valuable improvements in agriculture, and the most beautiful manufactures.

'Finally, to complete the sort of epitaph which gratitude and conviction alike dictate, in honour of the Mauro-Spanish empire, we shall speak of their libraries, their public schools, and those among their writers who have procured for themselves a name in the annals of metaphysical science, of natural history, of medicine, and of the mathematics. We shall have no need to pause in order to extol the military, civil, and chivalrous virtues of this great nation: they will be sufficiently conspicuous in every page of their annals; and the disciples of the sanguinary Arabian impostor, will often put to the blush the nations professedly venerating the incomparable holy one of Nazareth.'

In the eighth portion of the historical essays, the Author proposes to go back to the era of the foundation of the Asturian monarchy, and to bring down the history of the kingdoms of Asturias, Leon, and Castile, to the union of their crowns with those of Aragon and Granada in the person of Isabella. More than once in the course of his researches, he was led, he says, to fear, that he should be compelled to give up as wholly apocryphal, the existence of the peerless hero whose piety, valour, magnanimity, and innocence shed so bright a lustre on the cradle of the Asturian monarchy. Pelagius, or Pelayo, is the Arthur of the Spanish annals. Our Author inclines to indentify him with Theodomir, the illustrious general who, after the fatal battle of Xeres, arrested the progress of the Moors, and concluded an honourable treaty with Abdalasis their leader. After separating the historical from the romantic, the deeds and character of this chivalrous hero still challenge our warmest admiration; and the Author expresses his high satisfaction at having arrived at the conclusion, that it is not in the power of the most severely sceptical criticism to efface his noble example from the annals of virtue, or to deprive his countrymen of the inspiring recollection.



The constancy of Pelayo in adversity, his confidence in the Almighty, his pure and serene patriotism, the disdain with which he spurned the base offers of the pontiff who durst attempt to seduce him, his courageous defence at *Coba Donga*, and the organization of the Asturian monarchy, are facts which history will not refuse to admit into her annals.

Alphonso I., surnamed the Catholic, the son in law of Pelayo, is scarcely a less favourite hero with native historians, whose extravagant eulogies the Author does not hesitate to impute to the blinding influence of a mistaken piety and a ridiculous nationality. His submission to the bishops and priests, rather than any pretensions to real piety, procured for him, as our Author remarks, the surname of Catholic. Taking advantage of the civil war between the Moorish factions of the *Ommiades* and *Abassides*, he penetrated into *Gallicia*, captured *Lugo*, and soon after made himself master of *Leon*, *Astorga*, *Saldagna*, *Amaya*, and *Alava*. The rapidity of his conquests was astonishing. He finally subdued part of *Biscay*, laid the foundation of the kingdom of *Leon*, and added to his new monarchy part of *Castile* and *Navarre*. He is said to have paid attention to the reformation of public morals, and to have laboured to re-establish the Gothic laws. His son *Froila* pursued his successes, and founded the city of *Oviedo*; but he is still more celebrated for his tyranny and fanaticism. His severe enforcement of the laws of clerical celibacy, when, as the Author remarks, the married priests were probably the least immoral, harmonizes with his assassination of his own brother, the victim of his jealousy. The royal fratricide perished, as he deserved, by the dagger of a hireling. *Aurelio*, who, according to *Mariana*, was one of the conspirators, was elected in his stead: on his dying without issue, the crown was a second time conferred by suffrage, on *Silo* his kinsman. At his death, Alphonso, the son of *Froila*, was chosen king by the *grandees*; but the throne was usurped by *Mauregato*, a natural son of Alphonso I., who is charged with having kept in pay an army of *Arabians*, to support his doubtful title, and with having paid to the *Moors*, a tribute of a hundred, or at least fifty young girls. The latter accusation, however, our Author deems unsupported, if not decidedly false; and he seems to think that the character of the usurper has not met with justice from the historian. On the conduct of the ex-king Alphonso, he bestows the praise of magnanimity, considering it as supplying a useful lesson in the present day.

Europe, which stands in need of having her attachment revived to the families of her hereditary sovereigns, needs also to be guarded against that enthusiasm which respects no prescriptive rights, which overturns nations, which fills the world with feuds and carnage, for the sake of rights which only the passions of men could lead them to con-

sider as unalienable ; rights which truth, equity, and a regard for the repose and lives of men might well annihilate.'

After the death of Mauregato, Bermudo I., a brother of Aurelio, was, although an ecclesiastic, elected king. His conduct presents a romantic instance of magnanimity.

' Scarcely had he ascended the throne, when he invited to his court and his councils the legitimate king, Alphonso II. ; he succeeded in dissipating the prejudices entertained against this prince by the nobles, entrusted to him the command of the army, and having accompanied Alphonso in an engagement in which the latter defeated the Moors, he seized that moment to resign the crown, and to cause him to be elected in his stead. Alphonso, worthy of the friendship of this magnanimous man, did not suffer himself to be surpassed by him in generosity : he would not permit Bermudo to return to his monastic retreat, he gave him an apartment in the royal palace, consulted him in all state affairs, shewed him the same respect and affection as if Bermudo had still been king, and, having no issue, bequeathed the crown to Ramiro, the worthy son of Bermudo. The priests who have awarded a sort of apotheosis to so many demi-saints and so many impostors, have forgotten, or ignorantly passed over, the august names of Alphonso and Bermudo, knowing no better than to attribute the magnanimity of the latter to monastic scruples relative to the marriage which he had contracted after having taken upon himself the vow of celibacy as a deacon.'

A similar story is told of Wamba, one of the most illustrious of the Gothic kings. He had accepted the sovereignty with reluctance, and, when treasonably shorn of his long hair, the symbol of his dignity, by Erviga one of his nobles, who administered to him an opiate to effect his purpose ; the head that had been once shaven, being, among the Goths, incapable of wearing a crown ever after ; the un-kinged hero had the magnanimity to recommend the traitor as his successor. It is, indeed, highly probable, that the measure was concerted between them, and that Wamba's resignation was as voluntary as, by this expedient, he rendered it irrevocable. Erviga returned the compliment by turning monk, after a reign of eight years, in favour of Egiza, his son in law, and the nephew and heir of Wamba. Charles V. had, therefore, more than one precedent for his self-denying abdication, drawn from the ages of Gothic fanaticism.

Orthogno II. the great grandson of Ramiro I., removed the seat of his government from Oviedo to Leon ; and it is from this period (about 920), that the kingdom of Asturias is lost in that of Leon. Castile was first erected into a monarchy in 1033, in favour of Ferdinand I., son of the king of Navarre, who succeeded on the death of Bermudo III., the last male descendant of Pelagius, to the crown of Leon. Thus, the house of Navarre, which was French in its origin, supplanted the masculine race of the Goths, descended from Leovigild and Re-



cared. Ferdinand divided his kingdoms among his three sons, and in succeeding reigns, the kingdoms of Leon and Castile, after having been united in one heir, were again divided; but the two crowns were permanently reunited, in 1230, in the person of Ferdinand III., surnamed the Saint; from which period has been dated the greatness of the Spanish monarchy. This prince is termed by our Author, 'one of the greatest monarchs whom God bestowed on the Castilians,'—a truly pious king, notwithstanding he has been so '*unfortunate*' as to be canonized by Pope Clement X. Under his son, Alphonso the Wise, the Castilian language first assumed a vigorous character, and the Roman, Gothic, and ecclesiastical statutes were reduced to a luminous and consistent code of laws, called *Las Partidas*. In the literary character of this monarch, who was at once a wise legislator, a patron of the Muses, and one of the greatest astronomers and mathematicians of his age, is to be found a better title to historic glory and to national gratitude, than in the savage conquests of most of his predecessors. The reign of his grandson Alphonso XI., is one of the most illustrious in the Spanish annals. At the age of fifteen, he put an end to the contentions for the regency, by taking into his own hands the reins of government, and with firmness and courage quelled the hostile and rebellious factions. At the famous siege of Algesiras in this reign, at which noble volunteers both from England and from France were associated with the Castilian army, artillery was, for the first time in Europe, employed by the Moors against their astonished assailants. The character of his son and successor, Peter the Cruel, though stained with atrocities amply sufficient to justify the surname with which he has been branded, has been, like that of our Richard III., much blackened by exaggeration. In tracing the events of his reign, the historian will feel called upon to exercise peculiar caution and impartiality. Our own history is at this period implicated in that of Spain, and Froissart becomes the best chronicler of the campaigns in which the romantic valour of Edward the Black Prince and the English troops under the Duke of Lancaster and Chandos, replaced the suppliant monarch on the throne which he had dishonoured by his former cruelties, and which he afresh disgraced by his ingratitude and perfidy to his allies. From the death of Henry of Transtamare, the murderer and successor of Peter, to the death of Henry IV., the history of the Castilian monarchy presents little more than a series of intestine tumults and civil wars. On the accession of the latter monarch's sister Isabella, and her union to Ferdinand, son of the king of Aragon, the peace and union of the kingdom were established; the kingdom of Aragon, and subsequently that of Granada, were united to those of Leon and Cas-



tile, and the distinction between them is henceforth lost in the general appellation of Spain.

The memoirs of the separate histories of the kingdoms of Navarre and Aragon, brought down to the period at which the latter became consolidated with that of Castile, occupy the ninth and tenth sections of our Author's Essay. In the latter, occurs another instance of that contempt or distaste for the toils and prerogatives of empire, the frequent exhibition of which so remarkably characterizes the Spanish annals. Ramiro, the brother of the warlike Alphonso I., having been summoned from a monastery to succeed him on the throne, obtained a dispensation from his vows in order to marry; but when his daughter Petronille was only two years old, conceiving that he had done enough in providing for the legitimate succession, he abdicated the crown in favour of his infant daughter, having first affianced her to Raymond Berenger IV., count of Barcelona, as her tutor and consort. He then buried himself again in a monastery, where, nevertheless, he continued to occupy himself with the cares of government. The Chevalier expresses a high admiration for this noble-minded ecclesiastic. It appears that he not only resigned a crown, but subsequently declined a mitre, and though elected a bishop, persisted in his *nolo episcopari*.

'Can we help admiring,' says our Author, 'a character so pure? Is not Ramiro one proof more of the moral power of the Gospel over virtuous minds even in the midst of the darkness of superstition? When we consider the modesty, the wisdom, the talents of the preceptor and husband whom he provided for his daughter, we cannot but excuse in Ramiro the prejudices which he only participated with the age.'

The illustrious husband of Petronille refused, even after the death of Ramiro, the offered title of king. His queen survived him, but resigned the throne at his death, in favour of their son, Alphonso II. Their grandson, Peter II., distinguished himself by his love of poetry and his gallantries. He was the liberal patron of the Provençal bards, styled by our Author the 'parents of our modern literature.' He died in the defence of the Albigenses. The male line of Raymond Berenger became extinct at the death of Martin, son of Peter IV., after having reigned in honour and prosperity during two hundred and seventy three years. To this truly illustrious house, religion, literature, the arts, commerce, in a word, the cause of civilization in Europe, is greatly indebted. Its princes, to the glory of having conquered the Moors, added the proud distinction of having humbled kings and tyrannical pontiffs, and, in a barbarous age, exhibited the rare example of a wise tolerance and a respect for the unalienable rights of man. King Martin was succeeded by Ferdinand of Castile, six of the

judges to whom the claims of the rival pretenders to the throne were referred, having pronounced in his favour. 'This just, good, and pious king, (thus our Author characterizes him,) was succeeded by Alphonso V., 'the wise and the magnanimous.' Quevedo's satire should seem not to be applicable to the sovereigns of Aragon. This last monarch is chargeable, indeed, with being too fond of war, and too much addicted to gallantries; but it is not on account of either of these failings, we may be sure, that he has fallen under the special displeasure of the popish historians. Our Author does not hesitate, in opposition to '*le prêtre Ortiz*,' to maintain his superiority even in piety, to his rival the emperor Sigismond.

'That sanguinary tyrant was the abettor of the pharisaism of his age, a devotee unjust and inhuman, and consequently the scourge of the Christian Church as well as of his own subjects. Only the veriest fanatic would place him, as a religious prince, above our Alphonso, —a king who pardoned the most grievous offences, who, so far as lay in his power, prevented the excesses attendant on war and pillage, loaded with benefits the poor and the unfortunate, respected liberty of conscience, protected the cause of ecclesiastical reform in the celebrated council of Basle, and, rather than disturb the peace of the great family of Christendom, waved all the advantages which a man of his genius might have derived from his rights, his interests, and the influence of two illustrious pontiffs, his subjects, the former of whom astonished the world and the church by his untamable character. A monarch so worthy, in our view, of possessing the inestimable gift of piety, a monarch whom, notwithstanding his foibles, every thing leads us to look upon as pious and religious at the bottom, is placed above the devastator of Germany and Bohemia, the murderer of John Huss and Jerome of Prague! We shall draw this parallel quite differently, and, we flatter ourselves, shall be able to confound hypocrisy and pharisaism. We shall triumphantly vindicate the religious character of a prince calumniated by sophistical historians, because he could not bring himself to reverence the Roman court; because, in the political game, he despised that pretence of a divine mission which that irreligious court makes use of to enslave both kings and nations, and to corrupt the Christian Church.'

This monarch has the merit of having made his little kingdom an asylum for the literature and arts of Greece after the destruction of the Eastern empire. He died in 1458, at the age of 74, having reigned forty-three years. He was succeeded by his brother John II., the father of the husband of Isabella, in whom the crowns of Aragon and Castile were united.

The history of the kingdom of Portugal, from Count Henry of Burgundy, its founder, (the father of Alphonso Henriquez, who first assumed the title of king,) to John II. the contemporary of Ferdinand and Isabella, occupies the tenth portion. Here, again, our Author finds occasion to reprobate the un-



fairness or ignorance of preceding writers ; more especially those of the French school. After quoting the pompous eulogy pronounced by M. Beauchamp on Alphonso Henriquez, to whom that writer attributes the establishment of chivalry, '*cette brillante institution*,' on the banks of the Tagus, our Author adds :

'Here, as in a thousand other places, we shall have to oppose the truth of history to the extravagant notion of the merit of chivalry, and to point out to our readers, that the French writers, with few exceptions, have never meddled with Spanish and Portuguese history, but they have either grossly distorted or embellished it. We shall shew that the school of Voltaire, like that of Chateaubriand,—the Vayracs, the Orleans's, and other compilers of the same kind in former times, and the Deppings, the Beauchamps, and the crowd of pretended authors in our own day,—have never treated of Portuguese or Spanish affairs with an honest regard for truth. Continually, as in this passage of M. Beauchamp respecting the reign of Alphonso Henriquez, we shall find the immense mob of French writers at utter variance with historical justice and correctness. These, and the glory of the Portuguese and Spanish nations, are almost always, in such hands, either sacrificed to the national vanity of the French, or made to subserve the purposes of a political faction.\*'

In the first line of Portuguese monarchs, the name of Denis, honoured by the Portuguese as the father of his people, who was nevertheless for a long time opposed by his clergy, and excommunicated by the pope, shines with peculiar lustre. By 'the magic of an excellent administration,' although both liberal and magnificent, he greatly enriched the public treasury ; he was the enlightened friend of agriculture, often taking the plough in his own hand, we are told, to render husbandry honourable in the public estimation ; he was a wise and philosophic legislator, the zealous protector of arts and manufactures, the creator of the navy and commerce of the Portuguese, the noble defender of innocence in the cause of the Templars, and finally, as the founder of the university of Coimbra, the father of Portuguese literature, and the rival of the most accomplished troubadours. The male line of Count Henry terminated with Ferdinand, the great grandson of Denis, in 1383. His successor, John I., had for his queen, the daughter of the famous John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, a princess of great intelligence and virtue,—'perhaps,' says our Author, 'the only pure present which England ever made the Portuguese nation.' To her influence in the formation of the character of her sons, are chiefly

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\* The Author has occasion subsequently to point out the errors and misrepresentations more especially of the Authors of "*La Biographie Universelle*."



ascribed the virtues by which they were distinguished. Edward (Duarte), the eldest, who succeeded his father, was a prince far superior to the times in which he lived; and his premature death, after a short reign of five years, was a severe loss to the nation. The cruel fate of his illustrious brother, Peter duke of Coimbra, who, after having rendered his country the most valuable services while regent, met with from his royal nephew and son-in-law the blackest ingratitude, being declared a traitor, and, after he was slain, treated as such,—is one of the most melancholy lessons which history presents. That worthless prince, Alphonso V., at once a bad man and a bad monarch, was succeeded by John II.

Having brought down his rapid sketch of the various branches of Spanish history to this period, the Author proceeds, in the sequel of his Essay, to give a more ample summary of the parallel annals of the two monarchies of the Peninsula in the subsequent reigns, down to Philip II. It is at this point that the most interesting portion of the work commences; but having indicated the Author's general plan, we must refrain from pursuing our analysis any further, as it would extend the present article beyond all reasonable limits. The merits of the Author's style of thinking and mode of writing history, and the value of the work as a contribution to our historical literature, will be best appreciated by means of a few detached specimens. We shall here transcribe the Author's apology for not touching on the events of the present day.

‘ Dans ce discours, comme dans notre ouvrage, nous nous arrêterons à la révolution qui naguères a livré les nations espagnole & portugaise à la politiques de leurs ennemis. Un homme de génie avait substitué ses conseillers, ses favoris, ses projets gigantesques, ses anachronismes politiques, & ses erreurs, à tous les préjugés, à toutes les maladies endémiques, à toutes les folies constitutionnelles des nations européennes. Nos méditations nous ont rendu trop odieux ces vieux maux, pour partager le délire des écrivains d'aujourd'hui. Nous ne savons pas préférer à ces écrivains ceux que l'on appelle d'hier, & qui assez souvent sont les mêmes qui affectent aujourd'hui le bon vieux tems. Incapables de sacrifier notre conviction, nous sommes forcés de garder un profond silence sur des événemens sur lesquels si peu d'européens veulent entendre la vérité. Si ces pages parviennent à la postérité, elle devinera tous les motifs de notre silence, et peut-être aussi le jugement sévèrement impartial que nous portons de la plupart des plaidoyers des vainqueurs & des vaincus.’

In the fall of that *homme de génie*, an Englishman may triumph; for England has little to fear from the portentous reaction which has ensued in the kingdoms of the Continent. England is no sufferer in her liberties and her best interests, from the restoration of the Jesuits and the Bourbons, the resur-

rection of an intolerant priesthood, and the revival of the Inquisition. To a Spanish, Italian, or French Protestant, however, these things must inevitably appear in a somewhat different light. To them, the part which England has taken in the re-establishment of Popery and despotism, her ignominious concurrence in acts of the greatest fraud and oppression, her Alien Bill, her indifference towards the persecuted Protestants of France and Savoy, her tender solicitude for the interests of a base legitimacy in Naples, her new and strange courtesies to the Pope, her alliance with the worthless and her neglect of the oppressed, in contrast with all that is splendid in her former character, more especially with the magnanimous policy of Elizabeth, and Cromwell, and William III.,—all this must appear a strange phenomenon; although the people of England may themselves be held clear from the charge which history will bring against her ministers. We do not wonder at the tone of despondency which we think we can detect in our Author's feelings, nor at the asperity of his indignation against the *ultras* of the school of Chateaubriand and Southey,—men who are labouring at once to pervert history and to degrade literature for the purposes of faction; who, with heads full of romance and book learning, but shallow in their principles, and heartless in their characters, are, with a pitiable sincerity, setting themselves to turn back the current of opinion and public feeling in favour of the good old times of priestcraft and passive obedience. In our own country, the mischief which can be done by poetical politicians and hireling literati, is comparatively limited and transient. There is at all times a powerful counteractive agency in full operation. But it is not so on the Continent. There, the press is more or less enslaved; information is less widely diffused; literature, if less a trade than with us, is made still more a party engine, is still more disgraced by the malignity of faction and by party bigotry, and has a power less extensive, perhaps, but more despotic. Still, we have no fears that the reaction which our Author contemplates with apprehensions so gloomy, will be ultimately injurious to the cause of religion and liberty. In the progress of education, and the universal circulation of the Bible, a mighty remedial agency is at work, adequate to confound and overturn all the combined efforts of princes and pontiffs, Jesuits and inquisitors, with all their allies and instruments visible and invisible, to bring back the darkness and the despotism of the middle ages. To an isolated exile like the Chevalier de Liagno, in such a metropolis as Berlin, where possibly he is regarded by the literati as an intruder, and envied the small honour which the Prussian monarch has generously conferred on him,—to a foreigner under such circumstances, and in contact with none of the great religious associations which diffuse around them an



atmosphere of hope and energy,—the times may present a gloomy aspect, owing to the medium through which they are contemplated. But there is no cause for dismay. Ominous and unsettled as may be the political horizon, moral changes are in progress, which will silently effect what the madness of revolutionists vainly aims at, and which tyrants and bigots in vain impede.

But we return to the work before us. The following remarks on the establishment of the Inquisition in the reign of Isabella, are worthy of the enlightened sentiments and piety of the Author: they occur after reviewing the brilliant period of the early years of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

‘ But such is the imperfection of human nature, even in characters who reflect the greatest honour on it, so limited are the views of the most penetrating, such the aberrations of the best principled and the noblest minds, that history is compelled to turn aside from a scene so beautiful, so admirable, so rich in all that does credit to power and social order, in order to instruct her readers respecting one unpardonable wrong committed by the illustrious Queen of Castile.

‘ It is about this time (1480) that the dominican Thomas de Torquemada was appointed by the pope, but at the request of Isabella, inquisitor-general, and that the Inquisition, that equally anti-social and anti-Christian institution, received a permanent form and a president gifted with considerable learning and of high character. Torquemada, who was, beyond all contradiction, one of the most exemplary and learned members of his illustrious order, had been confessor to Isabella during the reign of Henry IV. He had so long back as that period, instigated her to make a solemn vow to the Almighty, to visit with punishment offences against what he termed the Catholic faith, in case she should succeed to the throne. Isabella was from infancy completely misled with respect to the nature of true humility, and hardened by prejudices in contrariety to the analysis (*Panalyse*) of faith and the method pursued by the primitive Christians in the study of religion. She was always led to believe, that priests whose morals were exemplary and whose learning was approved by the prelates and despots of the Church, were so many oracles to whom she was commanded by God to give ear. This princess was well capable of perceiving the great principles which have set us free from this bondage, but she rejected them assuredly as so many infernal temptations; and her directors, all of them men whom justice compels us to revere as endowed with sincere piety, but led astray by the sophisms of fanaticism, could not fail to infatuate the interesting princess with that absurd theology which then enveloped as with a thick cloud the Christian Church. Thus it was, thanks to the triumph of popes and their monkish cohorts, that a queen who was otherwise a model for sovereigns, a woman eminently virtuous, tender, full of the sap of piety, endowed with gentle manners and a generous mind, was capable of instituting a tribunal sanguinary and necessarily unjust. In my opinion, it were the greatest injustice to impute to the intentions of Isabella, of Torquemada, of Cardinal de



Mendoza, or even of Ferdinand V., the ambition, the dreadful pharisaism which so many worthless pontiffs have taught us to fear wheresoever priestly and monkish piety can make itself at all heard. So to calumniate the queen of Castile, her husband, and their counsellors, were not only to be guilty of the most revolting injustice, but to weaken the force of the infinitely useful lesson attached to the true and equitable statement of the fact: it were to betray ignorance or forgetfulness of the circumstance, that this atrocious institution having for its authors persons so respectable in character, affords a most striking proof of the fatal influence which the papal theology exerts on even the sound portion of the Christian church. Instead of calumniating Isabella and her council, we ought rather to consider in how high a degree must that system be anti-social and anti-evangelical, which rendered them opposed to the genius of the Christian religion, —the oppressors of so many unhappy persons, the destroyers of so many innocent ones, and the authors of a code abhorrent to natural equity and even common sense; a code in which it has been found continually necessary to impose silence on reason, justice, and the most touching part of Christian morality. A horrible fact this, which recalls to our recollection so many similar horrors; which reminds us, for instance, of Louis IX. of France, encouraging, commanding the massacre of the infidels as a duty; —of Ferdinand III. of Castile, imagining himself bound to assist with his own hands in burning them. Instead of the calumnies and epigrams of certain French writers, who have given themselves up to pitiable national animosities, we would call up to our readers such recollections as these, in noticing this revolting part of the annals of Isabella. In the history of the tribunal which this princess thought to dedicate to the cause of the Almighty, we have a guide which our predecessors were in want of: the respectable canon of Toledo, D. John Llorente, who has laid open to Europe the archives of those sanguinary theologians, those apostles more worthy of the Koran than of the Gospel.\* This excellent historian is an authority for the facts. He has even gone to the bottom of the mysteries which he has disclosed: he shews himself throughout, correct, informed, impartial, and enlightened. But the opinions to which he professes still to retain an attachment, compel us sometimes to differ from him.'

The infernal cruelties practised by the Catholic monarchs of Spain and Portugal on the Jews, at the recital of which the mind sickens, afford another damning illustration of the genius of the Papal theology. Emmanuel of Portugal purchased the hand of Isabella of Castile with the blood of his Jewish subjects: her priests had taught her to demand it as part of her dowry. After describing the horrible scenes which ensued upon his treacherous edict, our Author adds:

'One cannot read without disgust the absurd remarks of the general run of Portuguese and Spanish writers on these calamities.

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\* Vide *Eclectic Review*, N. S. Vol. xiii. p. 462.

According to them, it is always the blood of Jesus Christ which is avenged by the misfortunes of that nation. These pitiable bigots forget the sublime scene of Calvary, and the whole scope of the Apostolic instructions respecting that wonderful people, when they thus travestie, after the monkish fashion, the pagan notions relative to the implacable wrath of the Deity. Osorius does honour to the episcopal character and to Christianity, by warmly blaming the cruel tyranny of Emmanuel, and by exclaiming in a style worthy of Tacitus, '*Fuit quidem hoc, neque ex lege, neque ex religione factum*'—This was done, neither in the spirit of the laws, nor in the spirit of religion. Faria Sousa, on the contrary, defends it all; for with him all the kings of Portugal are heroes and saints: but he lets us know, with exquisite simplicity, that Emmanuel was unwilling to proceed to extremities against the Moors, because they had in the Mahomedan states avengers too powerful, but that he ventured to oppress the Jews, because they were isolated and helpless.

We have read with peculiar interest the Author's memoirs relative to the Reformation. The portrait which he draws of the Emperor Charles the Fifth (Charles I. of Spain), will be deemed darkly shaded; but he speaks of him chiefly as a king of Spain.

'A writer,' he says, 'of the first order has treated in a superior style this portion of modern history (so far as relates to the affairs of the Continent); we leave it to men either very able or very presumptuous, to perfect, or even to correct Robertson, and shall content ourselves in general with making known Charles as king of Spain. It is in this point of view, that his history falls within our province; and it is chiefly as a Spanish monarch, that Charles deserves the unqualified indignation of the historian.'

Llorente has shewn in his History of the Inquisition, that Charles was always a zealous Papist at heart. His mad and restless ambition has been amply exposed by our illustrious countryman.

'Europe, in breaking her fetters, in labouring to obtain light, in making long and painful efforts in order to attain a high degree of civilization, was obliged not only to dispense with the counsels and the assistance of Charles, but also to combat and vanquish his scruples, his repugnances, his prejudices; and this often at the expense of a bloody struggle, and after great calamities. To humble Francis I., to maintain every where undisputed sway, to attract the applause of the multitude, to oppose at one time chicanery, at another time force to the progress of the human mind in the constitution of social order; such was the whole system of Charles, of that accomplished despot, the contemporary of Erasmus, and of Luther, and of Frederic the Wise, and of so many other great men. Thus was all thrown away upon him. He spent his life in making war upon and tormenting mankind; he had no plan in his conquests; doubts and scruples seized him after he had sacrificed his subjects; and the Spanish monarchy, the principal instrument of the mad ambition of this prince,



is mainly indebted to him for the long series of evils by which it has been overwhelmed, and which have caused Spain to lose the rank she once maintained as a power of the first order. This sentence, I am aware, will not be to the taste of the present day.'

The Author's plan does not allow him to enter much into detail as to the circumstances immediately connected with the Reformation. That important event necessarily occupies, however, a considerable share of his attention, for its influence extended even to the two nations of the Peninsula, whose annals he is tracing.

'Zwingle, Luther, Calvin, and their illustrious fellow labourers, had zealous disciples and courageous martyrs in Spain, in the very court of Charles, and under the sceptre of his hateful son. Nay, what is more; but for the atrocious measures adopted by the latter, under even that despot, the church of Spain would have ceased to be the domain of the bishop-king.'

This important fact will probably be new to many of our readers. It will receive some illustration from the following highly interesting statements, for which we are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith's excellent Sermon before the London Missionary Society.\*

'In the earlier years of the Reformation, events occurred in Spain of a nature the most interesting and surprising, and which nothing but the prodigious power of the Inquisition has prevented from becoming the admiration and astonishment of posterity. The little knowledge which I have been able to obtain concerning these facts, is derived from a very brief Martyrology, which was collected from sources almost inaccessible, by our learned and excellent countryman, Dr. Michael Geddes, during ten years (A. D. 1678 to 1688,) that he was Chaplain to the English Factory at Lisbon; and which he afterwards published in the first volume of his *Miscellaneous Tracts*, 3 volumes, 8vo. London, 3d edition, 1730. This Treatise was translated into Latin by the celebrated ecclesiastical historian, Dr. Mosheim, and inserted in the first volume of his *Dissertations relating to Ecclesiastical History*, 2 vols. 8vo. Altona, 1767.

'It appears that the Emperor Charles V. and his son Philip II. who succeeded him on the throne of Spain in 1555, conceived measures for the defence of the Church of Rome, which, had they been honestly pursued, would have ensured to those monarchs the applause and gratitude of all posterity. They selected a number of ecclesiastics, the most distinguished in the Spanish seats of learning for erudition, talents, and piety. These they sent into the Netherlands and Germany, expressly that they might become fully acquainted with the doctrines of the Reformers, and thus might be qualified effectually

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\* "The Connexion of the Redeemer's Heavenly State with the Advancement of his Kingdom on Earth." A Sermon, preached at Surrey Chapel, at the Twenty Sixth General Meeting of the Missionary Society. By John Pye Smith, D. D. 8vo. Price 1s. 1820.

and unanswerably to refute them. The event was, that all, or nearly all, of these eminent scholars and divines became convinced of the truth of the Protestant doctrines, and returned to Spain glowing with holy zeal to communicate the truth to their countrymen. Their first attempts were very successful. The gospel light which they communicated, was received by many with full conviction, and was rapidly diffusing itself in all directions. Their success, Dr. Geddes observes, was owing, under the Divine blessing, to the clearness and fervour with which they asserted and established three points: (1.) That the Pope is Antichrist: (2.) That the worship of saints and angels is idolatrous: (3.) That the justification of a sinner in the sight of God can be obtained by no works or merits of his own, but only by faith in the righteousness and atonement of Jesus Christ.

‘But, by the unquestionably wise and good, though awfully mysterious, permission of Providence, the powers of darkness obtained a complete triumph over these auspicious beginnings. The illustrious confessors, with all who had received their doctrines, or manifested a favourable disposition towards them, were thrown into the prisons of the Inquisition; and, partly by torture and other modes of secret murder, and partly by being burned alive at the *autos da fe*, they were ALL EXTERMINATED! This noble army of martyrs included many persons of rank and eminence; but, by the influence of that most diabolical tribunal, whose laws render it penal on the nearest relation to inquire after the fate or recite the history of its victims, their very names have been suppressed, and will probably never be completely divulged on earth, unless the archives of the Inquisition, brought to light as they may some time be, shall disclose the dreadful secrets of the prison-house. It was also the custom to put a gag upon the mouths of those who were publicly executed, in order that no testimony might be borne to truth, or complaint uttered of the infernal wickedness that was practised on the blessed sufferers.

‘The following are extracts from the writings of bigoted papists; the first a Spanish contemporary writer, and the other an Inquisitor of Sicily.

“Heretofore the prisoners who were brought out of the dungeons of the Inquisition to the punishment of the flames, or to be exhibited in the *san benito*” [a yellow dress with a red St. Andrew’s cross before and behind, worn by those who were shewn to the people as converted from heresy; but they were always taken back to their prisons;] “were common people and of low birth: but within these few years, we have seen the prisons, places of execution, and fires of our tribunal, filled with persons of high rank and the most noble birth, and men who (unless outward evidences are wholly deceptive) were far above others both in piety and in learning. The cause of this and many other evils which afflict us, is to be sought only in our Catholic Kings: for they, from their generous tenderness and kindness towards Germany, England, and other countries which had withdrawn from the authority of the Roman Church, sent men of learning and distinguished eloquence into these regions, in the hope that, by their discourses, those who had fallen into errors might be brought back to submit to the truth. But this excellent design, by some sad fatality,



was quite reversed ; and it brought us more calamity than benefit. The very divines who had been sent to restore sight to others, came back blinded themselves ; and, being deceived by the heretics, returned to our country and imitated their example.—Those who were apprehended by the Inquisition at Valladolid, Seville, and Toledo, were all excellent men, and endowed with most exalted talents and virtues. I choose to pass over their names in silence, lest, by their infamy, I should in any way obscure the glory of their ancestors, or defile the splendour of so many noble families, which have been infected with this poison. As these prisoners exceeded many others in rank and eminence, so also the number of them was so great, that I am certain all Spain would have been corrupted and filled with heresies by them, if the inquisitors, by whom the evil was cured, had delayed the application of the remedy but two or three months." *Gonsalvo de Illescas*, in his *Historia Pontifical y Catolica*. Madrid, 1552.

" If the inquisitors had not, with the greatest diligence, exerted themselves against these teachers infected with this doctrine, it would, undoubtedly, have spread like a conflagration through the whole of Spain: for people in every place, of both sexes, and of all ranks and degrees, were inclined to it with a most astonishing fondness and desire." *Ludov. a Paramo*, in his *De Origine, Officio, et Progressu Sanctæ Inquisitionis, Libri Tres*. Madrid, 1598, and Antwerp, 1619.

It was about the year 1545, that Charles the Fifth threw off the mask of toleration and equity, to give himself wholly up to the spirit of persecution. He was at length convinced, say the Popish historians, ' that Protestantism was a phrensy which ' would never yield to palliatives ; that it demanded cauteries ' and blood.' He urged on Pope Paul III. to summon the famous council of Trent, during the third session of which Luther expired. The same period was marked by an atrocious act of fanaticism, which has for the most part been passed over by historians in silence ; although, besides its intrinsic tragic interest, the impunity extended to the fratricide, affords a flagrant proof of what our Author terms ' the pharisaism and injustice of the ' orthodox sovereign who aspired to extirpate heresies.' Long as the extract is, we cannot bring ourselves either to suppress or to mutilate the narrative.

' John Diaz, whom M. Alphonso de Beauchamp calls a Spanish innovator, (*Biog. Univ.* t. xi. p. 303.) was a divine alike famous for his learning and venerable for his piety. He was born at Cuenco, and entered upon his studies in Spain ; but, wishing to enjoy the advantages which the university of Paris has at all times offered to youths enamoured of truth and learning, he repaired to that city, where he spent thirteen years in constant application to study and to virtue. Meditation and the perusal of the theological writings of the day, detached him from the Romish Church. He went to Geneva to see Calvin, and after having availed himself of the instructions of that Reformer and of his church, he visited some of those who had embraced the Reformed faith, and finally took up his abode at Siras-

burg, where he attached himself to the celebrated Martin Bucer. The zeal of Diaz for the Reformation, and his desire to draw over to it the Spaniards, excited the indignation of the fanatics to whom Charles the Fifth confided religious matters. Diaz being very capable, from his learning, of propagating the doctrines of the Reformers among his countrymen, the counsellors and agents of Charles formed the resolution either to convert him to popery, or to kill him. Claude Senarclé (or Senarclæus) a young Savoyard of a good family, the intimate friend of Diaz, like him a Protestant, and an eye-witness of his death, has transmitted to us the narrative of this horrible outrage. John Geniez de Sepulveda, who had the history from the mouth of the fratricide who is the terrible hero of the tale, is so completely in accordance with Senarclé, that he appears only to have abridged the recital, and to have substituted the atrocious moral of fanaticism for the touching sentiments of friendship, charity, and piety, which characterize throughout the language of the Protestant historian. The fact, as we have just intimated, is nothing less than a horrible fratricide.

\* Alphonso Diaz, the brother of John, was a fanatical Papist, an enthusiast in whose view truth and morality were to be found only in the prejudices of the Spaniards. His profession connected him with the tribunal of the Rota\* in the capacity of civilian. A Spaniard who had been in Germany, informed this fanatic, that John was making an open profession of Protestantism, and that the theologian Peter Malvenda, agent of the minister Granvele, had in vain laboured to bring him back to the communion of the Church of Rome, and had transmitted an account of the whole affair to the Dominican, Peter Soto, the Emperor's confessor. Alphonso could not but be convulsed with rage at receiving such intelligence; he determined immediately to repair to his brother, and either compel him to return to the bosom of the Church to which his family belonged, or take away his life. He set out from Rome without delay, taking with him an assassin who had been a public executioner. He passed through Augsburg, where he probably met with some powerful fanatics who encouraged him to consummate his crime, and guaranteed its impunity. From Augsburg he proceeded to Ratisbon, where, though with some difficulty, he learned from the friends of his brother, that he was then at Neuburg, a town on the Danube about 14 leagues above Ratisbon. John was residing at Neuburg with the pastor of the town, and was employed in correcting the proofs of a work of Bucer's. The arrival of Alphonso surprised him, but he was too full of charity and brotherly love to imagine that he was embracing his murderer. Alphonso laid before his brother all the principles and all the sophisms held by the vulgar of the Roman communion; but John answered them all with equal modesty, clearness, and method. Alphonso, laying aside the polemic, had then recourse to seductive

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\* A court of appeal established, according to Polydore Virgil, by pope John XXII., consisting at first of thirty, but afterwards reduced to twelve judges, who sat to try causes referred to them, *in rotation*.



offers, such as some of the good benefices of those to whom the corruption of the Christian Church has been perhaps chiefly indebted for its progress : but the pious divine opposed to these perishable advantages, the judgement of God, the threatenings and promises of Jesus Christ, and finally, the principles which elevate above all comparison the morality taught in the school of that Author of true justice. Alphonso was then forced to acknowledge, that the conviction and the enthusiasm of his brother were too deeply rooted to allow of the possibility of his being reconciled to the bishop of Rome. Despairing, therefore, says Sepulveda, of curing his brother's soul, Alphonso resolved to make use of artifice in order to get him away from the society of those whom John loved and venerated as his brethren and masters in the faith. He pretended to feel the force of the doctrine of the Reformers, affected to be convinced by his brother's arguments; and, feigning the zeal of a proselyte, he undertook to shew him that it was his duty to leave Germany, a country sufficiently provided with apostles of the truth, and to go and preach it in Italy, where it was unknown. ' Since God has dispelled the darkness of thy mind,' exclaimed the hypocrite, ' and enlightened thee in so marvellous a manner, it is thy duty so to act, as the Apostle St. Paul exhorts, that the grace of the Lord may not remain void, or become inactive within thee : it is thy duty to act with decision ; to leave Germany, where this doctrine having so many teachers, thou must needs be useless, and to remove to Italy or some other country, where, by proceeding with secrecy and caution, thou mayest succeed in dissipating the errors of those who are led astray and blinded by superstition.' John, whose candour was equal to his uprightness and piety, was overjoyed at believing that he had snatched from superstition a brother whom he tenderly loved ; and, worked upon by the noble sentiments which Alphonso feigned, he would willingly have followed him to Rome, where the Pope, by a legal murder, would have saved the wretch, the shame, the guilt, and the remorse of a fratricide. But, on John's asking the advice of Bucer and his other friends, they inspired him with a proper mistrust, and persuaded him to give his brother an absolute refusal. It was then that the latter, according to Sepulveda, resolved on the commission of the crime. That worthless historian is bold enough to defend the action with an audacity which makes one shudder. According to him, Alphonso found himself compelled to take away his brother's life, because no other means were left of putting an end to the mischief which he was doing to religion ; because this murder would prevent many other and greater crimes ; because it would spare the family and country of the murderer and his victim, a foul disgrace ; because, in shedding the blood of John, he should repair the atrocious injury which the heresy of the latter had inflicted on that family and on that country ; because, as the enemy both of his country and of religion, John was adjudged to death both by Divine and by human laws. This gospel according to Sepulveda, was that of Alphonso Diaz and of Charles the Fifth.

The crime was consummated under circumstances of the most heinous nature. Alphonso embraced his brother, affected to shed tears of tenderness, and forced him to accept of some money, while

he was planning in what way to effect his destruction. The perfidious wretch pretended to return to Italy, and he went, in fact, as far as Augsburg; but, on the next morning, he set off again for Neuburg, attended by the assassin whom he had in pay, and to whom he purposed to give directions with precision and in detail respecting the execution of the horrible crime which he had so long contemplated.

It was at break of day, March 27, 1546, that these two miscreants presented themselves at the door of the house where John Diaz lodged. The holy man was still slumbering. The assassin, on saying that he was the bearer of a letter from Alphonso, was admitted, and went up stairs to the room of the holy martyr, while Alphonso remained at the foot of the staircase to be ready to give his aid in case of need, and to prevent any one from hindering the execution of the deed. John, having been awaked, fearlessly jumped from his bed as soon as he heard a letter had been brought from his brother. He took it; and while he was reading it, the assassin, who stood behind him, buried with all his might in the right side of his head, a hatchet which he had concealed under his coat. John fell without being able to utter a word. The young Savoyard gentleman, Claude Senarcle, who slept in the same room with John Diaz, agitated by an ominous presentiment, went out of his apartment into that where the holy man had gone to read his brother's letter. He found him dying, his eyes turned towards heaven, and his hands joined in the attitude of prayer. The young man, mastering the feelings of horror and grief which the spectacle could not but inspire, administered to his friend the consolations of religion. John, though in the agonies of death and speechless, was yet able to express by signs, that he was sensible of this highest kind of succour: an hour after he expired.

His murderers were pursued and taken, but the Emperor protected them: he discovered all the ardour of fanaticism in withdrawing them from the sword of justice. It was easy to see, says Sepulveda, that he approved of the deed. That unworthy historian gives the revolting injustice of Charles the name of humanity. I know no other Roman Catholic writer who has dared unveil it; but it is notorious, that the spirit of the sect is incompatible with the impartiality of history. Alphonso Diaz, protected by his sovereign, obtained leave to be tried as a clerk by the bishop of Trent; and that prelate entered with all the zeal of a courtly priest into the views and sentiments of the Emperor. But remorse incessantly pursued the miserable fratricide; and some historians maintain, that, instead of imploring the mercy of God, he destroyed himself in a fit of despair. The Emperor, whom these and so many other atrocities ought to have overwhelmed with not less bitter remorse, gave himself up to his projects and his illusions, and daily became more and more superstitious and more fanatical after the manner of the Pharisees. The Inquisition, which had previously for a long time excited in his mind just scruples, had in him from this period a zealous protector, who deeply lamented that he had not been always such. Faithful to the instructions of his confessor, he became tyrannical and cruel for the honour of Popery. The Spaniards under his commands, sacrificed



their gold and lavished their blood in that cause; exile, proscriptions, executions were the lot of those among them who pursued religious inquiries in the spirit of candour; and Charles succeeded in attaching more and more closely the Spanish nation to the Koran-gospel of the Court of Rome.\*

We must here reluctantly take leave of our Author, earnestly hoping that he will meet with adequate encouragement in the prosecution of his invaluable labours, and regretting only the inefficiency of our feeble commendation to procure for his work the attention in this country which it merits. So little interest is for the most part taken in the history of foreign countries, and the encyclopedial curiosity of modern readers is so easily satisfied by vapid abridgements and outlines, that, even were the Chevalier's work translated into our own language, it is doubtful whether it would prove sufficiently attractive. When the campaigns in the Peninsula produced a momentary enthusiasm for that nation, a "History of Spain" was got up for the market; a hurried and meagre compilation, which, if tolerably correct as to the leading political facts, was far from complete, and utterly destitute, not simply of originality, but of all the higher qualities of history.\* The work now before us professes to be no more than a preliminary essay on the history of Spain; and the first ten sections present little more than an outline of the earlier periods; yet, it is far more replete with information and interest than any extant work on the subject in our language, and when completed by means of the proposed Notes and Illustrations, will form the best possible basis for a complete history of the Peninsula. We could still hope that that *desideratum* might be supplied by the Author himself out of the materials with which he is so richly furnished. Seldom have we met with a writer more admirably qualified by his learning, his impartiality, his enlightened views, his sound judgement, but more particularly his Christian spirit, to render history subservient to its genuine purpose, and to rescue some of its most important lessons from the faithless misrepresentations of party-writers, whether servile bigots or philosophic infidels.

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\* "The History of Spain from the earliest Period to 1809. By John Bigland." 2 vols. 8vo. 1810. Of the thirty-nine chapters into which the work is divided, two are occupied with the affairs of Mexico, while the early history of Aragon, Navarre, and Portugal is wholly passed over. The reign of Charles the Fifth occupies three chapters relating chiefly to continental affairs; and yet, the Reformation is not glanced at. Lastly, the literary and religious history of the Peninsula is not in the slightest manner attended to; nor is even the institution of the Inquisition, so important and prominent a fact, thought worthy of record.

Art. II. *Sketches of the Domestic Manners and Institutions of the Romans.* 12mo. pp. x, 348. Price 7s. London. 1821.

SEVERAL of the most favourite articles of our historical faith have been disturbed by the sceptical spirit of modern literature. The Roman history, so dear to our earliest recollections and our warmest feelings, has most particularly suffered from this race of cold-hearted sophists, who have in a great measure destroyed its efficacy as a course of institution for the youthful mind, by lowering down its examples of elevated virtue and heroic sentiment to a vulgar and homely standard. They deny, that Curtius leaped into the gulf, or that Regulus kept his faith with the Carthaginians; thus paring and clipping the greatness of ancient days to a dull level with that of our own. But these were facts religiously believed by the Romans themselves, and at a time when authentic monuments that should either establish or disprove them, might have been referred to. And when we contemplate the Roman story as a living image of the progressive stages of human civilization, it would be worse than extravagance, to suppose that it had been dressed up by human invention or imagination. In truth, all its events hang together with an exact, we had almost said a dramatic conformity. We profess ourselves, therefore, of that sect which still adheres to the classical creed of our early years, when we arose from the perusal of Roman history glowing with the contemplation of excellence, and animated with the love of virtue.

It is obvious, however, that to those who survey this wonderful people through the regular vista of general history, the fine shades and minute strokes of character must be wholly lost. The personages seem dressed as if to appear on a theatre: great warriors, stern republicans, and inflexible patriots, pass in stately march before us. But history, by reason of its generalities, rarely descends to those domestic retirements where every disguise is laid aside, and nature exhibits her unfettered attitudes. It is from their poets, their satirists, but, above all, from their dramatic writers, that views of the social and private manners of a people can be formed. They are the historians of society, and it is only by collecting and arranging their incidental hints and rapid sketches, that we can arrive at any luminous or correct inferences on a subject so interesting and pleasing. With regard to Roman customs, indeed, one of these sources of authority is wanting to us, the Roman drama being unfortunately a mirror of the humours and customs of Greece rather than of Rome. Excepting the Oscan or Atellan fables, Rome had never a drama of her own; and of these not a fragment has survived.

Yet, allusions to existing manners are so frequent in Roman



poetry, that these memorials are far from being scanty or insufficient. If classical tutors would point out in the lecture-room, the illustrations with which it abounds of the social and private economy of ancient life, they would render the study of Horace, Juvenal, Martial, and Ovid, infinitely more pleasing and instructive. This service, the absurd diligence of the scholiasts and commentators into whose hands they have hitherto fallen, has by no means superseded; for the Cnequises, the Torrentiuses, and the Lambinuses have scarcely attempted to elucidate the text of those ill-fated authors, without betraying the Batavian dulness of their taste, or the wild extravagance of their conjectures. For instance, (and we have merely selected it at random,) what literary relic exhibits more varied and distinct views of Roman manners, than the satire in which Horace describes his journey to Brundisium? Not to mention the decisive answer which a passage in it furnishes to the elaborate contentions of antiquaries and critics as to the use of chimneys among the Romans, it enables us, with a little aid from geography, to settle a more important question of ordinary life, for it furnishes us with a mode of computing the rate of travelling from Rome to the distant provinces, when the object was jointly that of business and amusement; a computation which Gibbon\* has satisfactorily deduced from a critical and geographical examination of the satire. This seems to have been about twenty miles a day; for having reached Forum Appii only on the second night, a distance considerably less than fifty miles, it is evident that they did not proceed at a quicker rate, though it might have been done in one day, had their business been of a nature that would have suffered from the delay. We have mentioned this circumstance because it appears to have escaped the ingenious writer of the volume now before us. Much of this journey was by the inland navigation which then existed through a tract of country where there is at present no trace of a canal or river; and amidst a moving succession of portraitures, the rough manners and characteristic humours of the bargemen of that day, are slightly but pleasingly shadowed in this most exquisite magic lantern, if we may so call it, of antique manners. If the exhumation of Pompeii by laying open to us the interior of a Roman town, miraculously recovered from the slumber of ages, and displaying to the eye the internal economy of its houses, triclinea, baths, lamps, candelabra, culinary utensils, and all the machinery of daily life,—shops so perfect that, to use the somewhat hyperbolic expression of a modern traveller, one instinctively looks behind the counter ‘for the master or his journeyman;’ if the wonderful memorials thus unveiled to us, have power to trans-

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\* Posthumous Works, Vol. II. ‘*Journal des mes Etudes.*’

port us over the gulf of time, and to plant us in the midst of a people who lived two thousand years ago;—the cabinet pictures of this poem, representing the humours and character of the lower classes of that people in all their plebeian roughness, and preserving that *slang* or vernacular discourse into which the flavour and strength of national character seems often to subside, must be considered by the antiquary and the scholar as by no means of inferior value. Similar sketches are wanting to complete the early outlines of our own national history. Chaucer's humour is general, not national. His tales, being chiefly taken from foreign romances, give us scarcely more than faint sketches of the state of society in the reign of the second and third Henrys; and even the Canterbury Tale is a picture that represents the manners of France or of Italy nearly as vividly as those of England. At a later period, indeed, the French have been more fortunate in Rabelais, who has preserved the native energy and vernacular license of that tongue fresh and unimpaired in its original and unhewn roughness. This also has been done by Horace, in the intellectual gladiatorship, as Johnson calls it, between Sarmentus and Messius,—a contest of horse-play raillery, half humour and half abuse (*dicteria*), the peculiar pungency of which, though almost lost to our more fastidious notions of humour, seems to have been acutely relished by the enlightened guests who reclined at the table of Cocceius.

A still more valuable monument is preserved to us in the charming epithalamium of Catullus on the marriage of Manlius and Julia. It is a minute detail of the nuptial ceremonies practised by the Romans, and borrowed from the Greeks. But the Bard of Verona has scarcely surpassed in correctness and strength of colouring, Homer's exquisite description of the same rite in his shield of Achilles. Neither of them seems to have mentioned a single circumstance that does not still take place at the wedding of a modern Greek, making a few requisite allowances for the change of religion. The nuptial torches carried before the bride, when she is summoned at break of day, the decent coyness that delays her steps, the tears that gush from her eyes as if the fate of Iphigenia awaited her, are still practised among the other symbolical usages of this ceremonial.

‘ *Claustra pandite januæ.  
Virgo adest; viden' ut faces  
Splendidas quatiant comas.  
Sed moraris, abit dies.  
Prodeas nova nupta.  
Tardat ingenuus pudor,  
Quæ tamen magis audiens  
Flet, quod ire necesse sit.*



• Unbar the door, the gates unfold!  
The bashful virgin comes.—Behold  
How red the nuptial torches glare!  
How bright they shake their splendid hair!  
Come gentle bride! The waning day  
Rebukes this lingering, cold delay.  
We will not blame thy bashful fears,  
Reluctant step and gushing tears.'

*Lamb's Translation.*

Nor are the nuts forgotten, which are thrown about as the bridegroom proceeds; a custom allegorical of his renunciation of loose amours and childish frolics. 'On the arrival of the wife at her future abode, she is supported,' says an intelligent Traveller,\* 'by her father and mother, that she may not touch the threshold, though, in some parts of Greece, the honour of the husband obliges her to tread upon a sieve of leather. Should it not yield to the pressure, no explanation will induce him to receive as his wife, one whose previous misconduct has been proved by so infallible a test.' The former of these customs is thus alluded to by Catullus.

• Transfer omine cum bono  
Limen aureolos pedes,  
Rasilemque subi forem.'

• Let not the threshold (omen blest!)  
Be with thy golden slipper prest;  
But swiftly spring with lightness o'er,  
And swiftly pass the polished door.'

We have claimed the indulgence of these citations, for the purpose of pointing out the multifarious and widely scattered authorities, from which all our knowledge of ancient manners must be deduced; and as a familiar acquaintance with these authorities implies various and extensive reading, and the diligent consultation of books not always accessible to the mere general reader, it is evident, that judicious compilations are absolutely necessary to an accurate idea of Roman manners. The Author of the volume under our consideration has stated his own views with much good sense and modesty.

• It, therefore, occurred to the Author, that a concise account of the state of society in ancient Rome, clothed in plain language, divested, as far as possible, of Latin terms, and pruned of all subjects which offend against delicacy, could not fail to be serviceable to young persons of both sexes who are completing their education; and might, perhaps, not prove unacceptable to some of riper years. He claims no other merit in the execution of the task he has under-

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"Essay on the Resemblance of the Ancient and Modern Greeks." By the Hon. Fred. Douglas. p. 112.

taken, than that of having attentively compared various authorities, and of having recorded such facts, only, as are either incontestably established, or generally received. The learned reader will, indeed, discover some on which a difference of opinion exists among the best informed commentators; but as it was not the Author's object to enter into any discussion respecting them, he has adopted, without remark, that which appeared to him the most entitled to preference. It may also be objected, that many of the instances he has adduced are trite; that the quotations from the poets are too numerous; and, that he has omitted some prominent features in the Roman character. But, an historical work must necessarily contain allusions to facts already known; the poets have only been introduced when the author conceived that they would elucidate the subject with more advantage than he could himself; and, for the omission of scenes, often disgusting in themselves, and from which neither valuable information could be derived, nor any moral inference deduced, no apology is deemed necessary.

'The chief matter has been extracted from a French work of long-standing reputation, the production of Professor d'Arnay, a gentleman well known to the literary world in the department of the belles lettres. The other modern works to which the Author is the most indebted, are, "Kennet," "Potter," and "Dr. Alexander Adam, on Roman Antiquities;" the splendid publication of Count Caylus on the same subject; and the various commentators on Pliny, Juvenal, and Persius, amongst whom he feels bound to distinguish Mr. Gifford: his other obligations are generally acknowledged in the notes.

'How far the Author has succeeded in the object he had in contemplation, it remains for the Public to determine. He is, himself, conscious of too many defects in the work, not to have just reason to apprehend the test of criticism: but he will not deprecate its censure by misplaced apologies, or by a detail of difficulties in the execution of so trifling a production, although they who have experienced the labour of compilation will no doubt admit, that they are neither few nor easily surmounted; and he only trusts it may be recollected, that he professes to present but a mere outline, which may yet be filled up by some abler hand.'

We are by no means indisposed to accord to him the praise of having executed his task with taste and judgement. Our animadversions will apply to the unskillful arrangement of his materials, (a defect which may be removed in a future impression,) rather than to any intrinsic error in the substance of the work, which we unhesitatingly recommend as highly useful and subsidiary to the classical student. For instance, Chapter IV. comprehends the following discordant topics: 'On the City of Rome—Medical Practice—and Money; topics which, not hanging together by an unbroken chain of association, betray great unskillfulness in their arrangement. Again; Chapter V. is appropriated to Villas and Gardens; but three chapters upon distinct subjects intervene between this and Chapters IX. and X. on Galleries and Libraries, Aque-



ducts and Baths, which are succeeded by another upon Houses and Furniture. Surely, the memory would have received more assistance from a more generic classification of the subjects, by which they would have glided by easier transitions into each other. Thus, the houses of the Romans ought to have been treated in connexion with their accessories,—villas and gardens, galleries and libraries, aqueducts and baths. This is minor criticism, it is true; but it is not the less deserving of attention in a work of elementary instruction.

As a favourable specimen of the style and manner, as well as of the diligence of the Author, we select, principally for our fair readers, a part of his account of a female toilette.

‘The Roman ladies usually bathed at an earlier hour than the men. Like them, they generally made use of the public thermæ, and even occasionally practised some of the athletic exercises to which such places were adapted. But they were attended, on those occasions, by their own servants, and, as the baths afforded the conveniencies of private apartments, they sometimes made use of them for all the purposes of the toilet.

‘Ladies of distinction had numerous female attendants, to each of whom a separate department was assigned: thus, one was the hair-dresser, another had the care of the wardrobe, a third of the perfumes and paint, while a fourth adjusted the robes; and, instead of the indiscriminate appellation of waiting-maid, they were each distinguished by the name of their employment. There was, also, a superior order, who formed the privy-council of the dressing-room, and whose only duty was, to assist at the deliberations on the important business of decoration, and to decide on the contending claims of rival fashions. This cabinet was composed of the female parasites who attached themselves to women of rank; and, if we may credit the poets, their office was far from being a sinecure. Juvenal, very ungallantly, accuses the ladies of his day of occasional fits of spleen, which, he says, they sometimes vented on their attendants; and even more than hints, that these little petulancies were, in some instances, provoked by the apprehension of being too late to attend the temple of Isis—a convenient goddess who presided over the mysteries of the rendezvous—or by embarrassments thrown in their way by the surly jealousy of ill-bred husbands: and his translators have rather heightened than softened the colours of the scene depicted by the Roman poet. But whatever truth there may have been in the original picture, should, in candour, be attributed to the prevalence of slavery, which, by presenting human nature in a state of moral debasement, and affording constant opportunities for the exercise of uncontrolled dominion, must have insensibly led to impatience of contradiction, and irritability of temper.’

‘The dressing-table appears to have been provided with all its usual appendages, except that useful little modern instrument—the pin. But its inseparable ornament, the mirror, did not possess the advantage of being formed of glass, in lieu of which plates of polished metal were substituted. That looking-glasses were wholly

unknown, has indeed been doubted, on the authority of an ancient author, who certainly distinctly alludes to their having been made in Egypt. But, although various articles of glass are enumerated among costly pieces of Roman furniture, mirrors are only mentioned among plate; and no distinct account of the modern invention occurs until the thirteenth century. Those anciently in use, are supposed to have been generally of pure silver, although they are known to have been also composed of mixed metal: they were kept in cases to preserve their polish, and were often sufficiently large to reflect the entire figure.

‘ No other head-dress was worn than the hair variously arranged and ornamented; except, indeed, that, at one time, a cap, in the form of a mitre, was in vogue; but it soon fell into disuse with all but women of an abandoned character. The combs were of ivory, or box, and sometimes of metal; and a heated wire was used, round which the hair was curled into the required form. The most usual was to plait, and roll it as a bandeau round the head, on the crown of which it was fastened in a knot: and it became fashionable to raise these tresses so high, that they were heaped upon each other until they were reared into a kind of edifice of many stages, where—

‘ With curls on curls, like diff’rent stories rise  
Her towering locks, a structure to the skies.’

*Owen’s Juvenal. sat. vi.*

False hair was then had recourse to; which at length assumed the form of a wig; and, at one time, it was the mode to dress it in imitation of a military casque. The curls were confined with small chains, or rings of gold, and bodkins studded with precious stones. Fillets of purple, or white, riband, ornamented with pearls, were also worn on the head, and splendid jewels in the ears. There were some decorations for the head which were considered peculiarly indicative of female decorum; such was a plain broad riband with which some matrons tressed their hair; others appertained exclusively to particular families: but it is probable that these distinctions were soon lost, or confounded in the maze of fashion. During the early part of the commonwealth, ladies never appeared abroad without a veil; but it was gradually laid aside as the reserve of their manners declined, and was eventually only used for mere ornament, or convenience.

‘ Fair hair was the most esteemed, and both men and women used to stain it with a flaxen dye. Various essences were used to perfume and give it lustre, and sometimes, it was powdered with gold dust to render it still more resplendent. This latter mode came from Asia. Josephus says, that it was practised by the Jews: some of the emperors adopted it; and the hair of Commodus is said to have become so fair and bright by its constant use, that, when the sun shone upon it, his head appeared as if on fire. But the powder used by the moderns was unknown to the ancients: their authors do not mention it; and the reverend fathers of the Church make no allusion to it amongst all the means which they reproach the women with having adopted to heighten their charms; neither do the old romances, which yet give such minute details respecting dress; nor is



it seen in any of the antique portraits, although the painters of those days usually copied the dress and ornaments as actually worn.

If the hair exacted such attention, it may be presumed that the face was not neglected; and, indeed, we read of almost as many cosmetics as fill the columns of a modern newspaper. To enumerate them all, would be as endless, as it probably would be but little instructive to the very able professors in the mysterious and important arts of personal embellishment of which the present age can boast; but one precious receipt from the pen of the bard who sung "the Art of Love," cannot, it is presumed, be, even now, wholly uninteresting to the accomplished votress of the toilet who may deign to honour these pages with a perusal:—

"Vetches, and beaten barley let them take,  
And with the whites of eggs a mixture make;  
Then dry the precious paste with sun and wind,  
And into powder very gently grind.  
Get hart's-horn next, but let it be the first  
That creature sheds, and beat it well to dust;  
Six pounds in all; then mix, and sift them well,  
And think the while how fond Narcissus fell:  
Six roots to you that pensive flow'r must yield,  
To mingle with the rest, well bruis'd, and cleanly peel'd.  
Two ounces next of gum, and thural seed,  
And let a double share of honey last succeed.—  
With this, whatever damsel paints her face,  
Will brighter than her glass see every grace."

*Ovid: Art of Beauty.—Anonym.*

Pliny speaks of a wild vine, with very thick leaves of a pale green, the seeds of the grape of which were red, and being bruised with the leaves, were used to refresh the complexion. Fabula, says Martial, feared the rain on account of the chalk upon her face, and Sabella, the sun, because of the ceruse with which she was painted. The same author mentions a depilatory which was employed to eradicate obnoxious hairs: and Plautus alludes to the use of rouge. Many ladies used to wash themselves in asses' milk; and the celebrated Poppæa, the wife of Nero, bathed daily in it. This lady, we are told, invented an unctuous paste which was in universal esteem as a softener of the skin: it was spread over the face as a mask, and was very generally and constantly worn in the house; thus creating a kind of domestic countenance for the husband, while that underneath was carefully preserved for the more favored admirer, or the public.

The Roman ladies were extremely careful of their teeth: they used small brushes, and toothpicks: the latter sometimes of silver; but those most esteemed were made of the wood of the mastich tree. Of what, besides water, they employed to cleanse them, we only know, that there was a favourite lotion, which they received from Spain, the chief ingredient in which was a liquid that undoubtedly would not recommend it to modern notice. False teeth are mentioned by both Horace and Martial, as being common in their time.

Art had not, indeed, then arrived at the perfection of supplying the absolute deficiency of an eye; but means were not wanting to

encrease their lustre, and to make those which were small, or sunk, appear larger and more prominent than they really were. This was effected by burning the powder of antimony, the vapour of which being allowed to ascend to the eyes, had the effect of distending the eyelids; or the powder, and sometimes, indeed, common soot, was gently spread with a bodkin underneath the lid, and the tint which it imparted was supposed to give an expression of liquid softness to the eye. Pencilling the eyebrows was a constant practice; nor was there any ignorance of the effect produced by a skilfully disposed patch, or of any other of the numerous arcana by which the charms of the person are heightened and displayed.' pp. 260—269.

For ourselves, we have never glanced at the private lives and social manners of these lords of the earth, without copious deductions from the prevailing notions as to their refinement. Refinement, indeed, is merely a relative term. In contradistinction to the wants and grossness of a condition wholly uncivilized, they may be said to have been a polished people. But there was a barbarity in their splendour, a coarseness in their refinements, that fills us with loathing and disgust. The delicacies of their table were estimated by the sums lavished to procure them; and a side-dish of birds brought from the remotest distances, and rare only for the beauty of their plumage or the melody of their note, was considered as the choicest dainty. In general, their banquets were remarkable for clumsy and inelegant profusion, and calculated rather to satiate a savage and undistinguishing gluttony, than to allure and bribe a fastidious appetite. Maltese cranes, peacocks, and other rarities, were highly prized, though no stomach could digest, and no palate endure them. It was no uncommon thing, to take an emetic in the midst of an entertainment, to enable the human hog to swallow an additional load of victuals. Snails were fattened with great care for the Roman table; but a species of white maggot found in old timber, was a peculiar luxury. Stewed or fricaseed sucking puppies were in high esteem. Of this dish, Pliny says, that they were fit for the gods;\* and a cook is celebrated in an epigram of Martial's, for the skill with which he prepared the paps of a sow. Water-rats also were in great request. But the most sumptuous dish was a white boar, himself a feast,—*propter convivium natum*.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to excite the scorn and disgust of a modern *gourmand* for the delicacies of a Roman table. There are other features in the social habits of this great people, still more adapted to lower our notions of their refinement. They were ignorant of the first principles of hospitality, the perfect equality of every guest who sits at the same table; for each person was treated according to his rank, and the unhappy persons who sat on the lower couches, fared much worse than those

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\* Hist. Nat. l. 29. c. iv.



who occupied the higher. They were in high luck if they could get the fragments of a hare that had been well nigh devoured, and happy to compound for the offal of the wild boar. Juvenal, whose good sense revolted at those barbarous usages, animadverts on them with becoming severity.

‘*Spes bene cœnandi vos decipit : ecce dabit jam  
Semsum leporem, atque aliquid de clunibus apri.*’

The best sorts of wine also were seldom allowed to reach the lower end of the table ; a sordid practice, which Dr. Clarke reprobates as the custom at some of the tables of the Russian nobility, where he visited. But a practice of still greater meanness prevailed. Each guest provided his own napkin, and frequently sent it back, crammed with fragments of the repast, to his own family.

The slave trade existed in ancient Rome, with every circumstance of cruelty and horror incident to that accursed traffic. Slaves were exposed as cattle in the public market, with labels on their neck, descriptive of their qualities ; and the master had an absolute authority over them. The right of life and death over this unhappy portion of mankind, was, indeed, restricted by various enactments ; but the laws afforded them no protection. If a murder was committed in a family, the slaves were put to death as a matter of course, unless the actual perpetrator was discovered ; and if their evidence was requisite in a court of law, the preliminary process by which it was extracted, was that of putting them to the torture.

But the great seminaries in which the Romans from their early youth imbibed their lessons of insensibility and cruelty, were the amusements of the circus. Of these, the combats of gladiators were the principal. They fought with various weapons. One class of them were called *retiarii*, from their carrying in one hand a net to entangle their adversary, that they might despatch him with the other. If the gladiator was wounded, his fate depended upon the will of the spectators, who pressed down their thumbs if they chose to save him, but held them up if it was their pleasure that he should be slain. This inhuman signal was not unfrequently given, and the miserable wretch, after receiving his mortal wound, was dragged into a common receptacle for the carcasses of those who were thus butchered for the amusement of the populace. These horrible exhibitions continued till the reign of Constantine. It is one of the glories of the Christian religion, to have abolished these dreadful spectacles, which, for nearly seven centuries, had corrupted and brutalized the Roman manners :

—*emollit mores,*

*Nec sinit esse feros.*

Art. III. 1. *Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey*, from the Manuscript Journals of Modern Travellers in those Countries. Edited by Robert Walpole, A.M. 4to. Price 3l. 3s.

2. *Travels in various Countries of the East*, being a Continuation of *Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey*, &c. Edited by the Rev. Robert Walpole, M.A. 4to. pp. xxiv, 612. Price 3l. 3s. London. 1820.

**T**RAVELLERS in European or Asiatic Turkey have many obstacles to encounter. A considerable part of this vast empire is rugged and mountainous, and destitute not only of commodious roads, but of the meanest accommodations to recreate or facilitate the journey. Some spots, and these too the most beautiful portions of the country, are subject to the dreadful visitations of the plague. Add to these impediments, the unquiet state of the Ottoman provinces, their disorderly governments and defective police,—the sleepless and feverish animosity between the enslaved descendants of the ancient Greeks and their oppressive and insolent masters,—the interruption of intercourse between different places, occasioned by the numerous banditti which infest them ;—and we shall be able to form some conjecture as to the difficulties which have so long rendered a complete or systematic account of this interesting part of the globe, a matter of hope rather than of expectation.

It is to these causes, diverging indeed from their radical cause—bad government, that we must attribute the debasement and degeneracy of the modern Turks. Among the numerous works lately published concerning Turkey and the countries under her rule, there is not one which refers us to their advancement in art or science, or to a melioration of their civil and political condition, or which gives us the slightest reason to conclude that they have been taught to avail themselves of the lights and acquirements of the more polished states of Europe. A dread of innovation keeps the Turkish mind nearly at the same level from age to age ; and those ebbs and flows in the general intellect of nations, of which History has so many examples, are wholly unknown in Turkey. They have also a summary and unceremonious mode of admonishing their sovereigns to abstain from all changes suggested by the practice of Christian countries. The apprehension that the Emperor Selim the Third would introduce some political meliorations, was the principal cause which led to his deposition and death.

The result is, that so long as this brutal government subsists, our general stock of information concerning Turkey must be imperfect, and derived from the contributions of various travellers, rather than the fruit of researches prosecuted by an individual. We are, therefore, disposed to commend the plan



adopted by Mr. Walpole, of collecting from intelligent and learned persons who have recently visited those countries, such extracts from their diaries or note-books, as were likely to illustrate their geography, antiquities, and natural history, their ancient grandeur or present condition; subjects which open an extensive field of investigation. But the chief advantage of this plan is, in our opinion, that we obtain the actual observations of each traveller in his own words, the faithful record of what he himself saw, presented in a state of *deshabille* as it were; not dressed and tricked out for the purpose of making a book.

We have hitherto from various causes delayed our notice of the former volume edited by Mr. Walpole. We shall, therefore, slightly glance at its contents, in order that the scholar and general reader may be enabled to form some estimate of the literary value of both compilations.

It may be easily supposed, that our information respecting Greece is more copious than that which we have obtained concerning the other provinces of the empire. The reason is obvious. The population is chiefly Christian, and the intercourse with the inhabitants is more easy than with a people influenced by the pride and prejudice of Mahomedanism. The greater part, therefore, of the papers which compose the first volume, relate to Greece, both within and without the isthmus of Corinth, and the islands of the *Ægean*. The Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Morritt, Dr. Sibthorp, Dr. Hunt, the late Professor Carlyle, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Raikes, Mr. Wilkins, and the learned Editor himself, are the principal contributors. The first paper is an interesting journal by Mr. Morritt of his travels through the district of *Maina* in the *Morea*. The history of the *Mainotes* has given rise to so much disquisition and conjecture, and so little is known concerning a people whose fundamental policy it is to hold no intercourse with strangers, and even to expel them from their territory, that we shall make no apology for extracting a short account of this interesting country from Mr. Morritt's narrative; first, however, making a few remarks upon the obscure question of their origin. Upon this head, three opinions have been advanced. The *Mainotes* themselves boast of their descent from the ancient Spartans. It is the designation by which they are known among themselves, while the histories of *Lycurgus* and *Leonidas*, partly as saints and partly as robbers, are still figured in their popular traditions. On the other hand, the unsparing and universal extermination in which *Nabis* is said to have involved the whole Spartan race, greatly diminishes the authenticity of the claim. Some travellers have gone so far as to deny that they are Greeks at all, and to assert them to be the progeny of Slavonian robbers. But *Villoison* remarked the purity of their *Doric* dialect, and later travellers have remarked the par-

ticular resemblance of their customs to those of Greece; among whom, Pouqueville is no mean authority. For our parts, were we disposed to hazard an opinion, we should assign their origin to the ἑλαιοῦργοι Λάκωνες, or the inhabitants of the sea-towns of Laconia, who were separated from the dominion of Sparta by the decree of Augustus.

The Maina is inclosed in the southern part of the Laconian peninsula, which is separated from the rest of the Morea by a chain of nearly impassable mountains. Lying between the gulfs of Messene and Gythium, it is bounded to the North by the Taygetus, a ridge of slippery rocks so bristled with points and angles as to render the gentlest fall on it highly dangerous; and within these bulwarks, a race of Greeks have uniformly braved the power of every nation that has successively acquired the sceptre of the Atridæ. The government of Maina bears some resemblance to that which once subsisted in the Highlands of Scotland. Over each district presides a Capitano, who resides in a white fortress of Italian architecture, and receives a tithe of the produce from the land of his retainers. The chief Capitano bears the title of Bey by virtue of a ferman from the Porte. These chiefs are hereditary, and exercise an uncontrolled jurisdiction in their districts. The Mainotes have uniformly resisted the payment of the haratch or poll-tax exacted by the Turks, who have endeavoured in vain, by their clumsy and ill-equipped forces, to assail them. On the arrival of an enemy by sea, the coast is instantly deserted, and the population, which is wholly warlike, retires within the strong holds of the Taygetus. They are dexterous in the use of the rifle, and, defended by a tempestuous and rocky shore to the South, and an impenetrable barrier of precipices to the North, may laugh to scorn whole hosts of such assailants as the Turks. In that disastrous war which was stirred up by Russia against the Ottoman power, the fleets of the Capudan Pasha and an army of 20,000 men attempted to subdue them. What was the issue? A heap of bones near the town of Cardamyle, whitened by the sun, attested the impotence of the attempt.

We must acknowledge, that we could scarcely forbear a smile of incredulity, when we found Mr. Morritt gravely remarking, that many of the Mainote chiefs are sufficiently masters of the ancient Hellenick to read Herodotus and Xenophon. We venture to assert with a confidence not without foundation, that they would have been wofully perplexed in interpreting a single passage of those authors.

The laws of hospitality are held by the Mainotes in religious reverence. Travellers, if they are fortunate enough to penetrate into the country, may be sure of the most cordial welcome while



they stay, and a safe escort at their departure. The Homeric maxim is not yet worn out in that country :

‘ τὸν ξένον παριόντα φίλον, ἀπίοντα δὲ πειπνῶν.’

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.’

Their religion is the Greek in its most fantastic form. But it is in the intercourses of the sexes, that their character appears in the most favourable light. The women are neither enslaved nor secluded, and are treated with the utmost affection and respect. Conjugal infidelity is extremely rare. A German fiddler was imprudent enough to be rude to a pretty woman. She met his advances with a pistol, and shot him dead on the spot.

We are indebted to the valuable papers of Dr. Sibthorp, though by no means prepared for the press, for many important details upon the present state of Attica. We are obliged to pass over several other articles of equal value in Mr. Walpole's first volume; but we should neglect an important duty, if we failed to recommend the perusal of the learned and elegant dissertation of Lord Aberdeen upon the Attic Coins. It confirms us in the opinion which we have long maintained, that the Athenians had no gold money coined by themselves. That which was current at Athens, was either the stater of Persia, or the talent of Ægina or Cyzicum. But the currency of the Attic silver money, as the noble Lord justly observes, was almost universal. This was owing to its purity; and the Attic tetradrachm had in ancient times as extended a circulation as the Spanish dollar has had since the discovery of the New World. Those who are interested in this curious subject, will know how to estimate the truth and acuteness of the following observations.

‘ One of the greatest problems in numismatical difficulties, is the cause of the manifest neglect, both in design and execution, which is invariably to be met with in the silver money of Athens; in which the affectation of an archaic style of work is easily distinguished from the rudeness of a remote antiquity. Different attempts have been made to elucidate the subject. De Pauw affirms, that owing to a wise economy, the magistrates whose office it was to superintend the coinage of silver, employed none but inferior artists in making the design, as well as in other branches of the process; an hypothesis wholly inconsistent with the characteristic magnificence of the republic. Pinkerton asserts, that it can only be accounted for from the excellence of the artists being such as to occasion all the gold to be called into other countries, and none but the bad left at home. It would be difficult to explain how Athens came to be so long honoured both by the presence and the works of Phidias and Praxitiles, Zeuxis and Apelles.

‘ The Attic silver was of acknowledged purity. The Athenian merchants, particularly in their commercial dealings with the more distant and barbarous nations, appear frequently to have made their

payments in it. The barbarians being once impressed with these notions of its purity, the government was probably afraid materially to change that style and appearance by which their money was known and valued among them. A similar proceeding in the state of Venice throws the strongest light on the practice of the Athenians. The Venetian sechin is perhaps the most unseemly of the coins of modern Europe: it has long been the current gold of Turkey, where its purity is universally and justly respected; any change in its appearance would have brought it into discredit.' Vol. I. p. 425.

We have remarked several inaccuracies in point of typographical correctness, which we are somewhat astonished that so learned an Editor should have overlooked. At page 321, a lecythus or cruse is described, which presents the figures of two horses and their grooms. It is entitled λήκυθος Αττικής, whereas the concord requires λήκυθος Αττική; a trivial error, indeed, in ordinary works, but unpardonable in those which are almost exclusively addressed to the learned.

It is with great satisfaction, however, that we have observed the more recent volume to be wholly exempt from the incorrectness which disfigured the former. We proceed to give our readers a summary view of its contents; only premising, that they might have been much better arranged, and that papers referring to the same country or subject, ought at least to have been placed together, even if a more artificial classification had not been adopted.

The first Memoir, on the tar-springs of Zante, communicated by Mr. Hawkins, contains several scientific facts of singular importance. These celebrated springs, situated in a morass near the South-eastern extremity of the island, were visited and described by Herodotus more than two thousand years ago; and they appear to have undergone no material change since, except that produced by the progressive growth of the peat, which has choked up all the small lakes or pools described by that author. The springs which produce the bitumen, are situated on the two opposite sides of the morass. This substance gradually oozing out of the earth below, settles at the bottom of the pit, which serves as a reservoir for collecting it. Here the inquisitive traveller, as in the days of Herodotus, may still dip his myrtle-bough into the water, and draw out the liquid mineral.

Mr. Hawkins was anxious to ascertain whether the bitumen issued out of the rock below, or merely oozed out of the peat in which it originates: for this reason, during his residence in Zante (1795), with the assistance of the Venetian Admiral Corrèr, who employed in this difficult operation the most able-bodied men of his ship's crew, he procured the pit to be so completely drained as to expose the bottom to view. The spring of water was then observed to issue from the peat at the depth of



four feet, without any bitumen. The bottom of the pit was nearly three feet deeper in the peat. Here some gallons of bitumen had collected; but no particle of it was seen in the substance of the peat. Mr. Hawkins, therefore, inferred that it oozes in minute portions from the substratum of rock. The quantity of bitumen annually extracted from this pit, is about twenty barrels; and its reproductive faculty increases with the quantity taken out. When first taken out of the water, it is of the consistence of honey, and in colour, opacity, and smell, resembles melted pitch.

Although in the present advanced state of geological science, the tar-springs of Zante have ceased to excite astonishment, they may still be classed among the rarest phenomena of the earth. But they derive, probably, their chief importance from their classical celebrity, having been visited and described, not only by the Father of history, but by Dioscorides, Vitruvius, and Pliny.

Mr. Schmeiner, at the instance of Mr. Hawkins, made the subjoined analysis of two pounds weight of the saline water.

Sulphate of magnesia	-	-	90 grains.
Sulphate of soda	-	-	40
Selenite	-	-	10
Muriate of lime	-	-	28
Muriate of magnesia	-	-	24
Muriate of soda	-	-	172
Resinous matter	-	-	8
			—
			372 loss 4 grains.

Dr. Sibthorp's voyage in the Grecian seas and along the western shore of Greece, discloses several interesting botanical and zoological facts relative to the seven islands called the Prince's Islands, about six leagues from Constantinople, the Dardanelles, Cyprus, Lero, Patmos, Stenosa, and Argentiera. We could wish, however, that the Editor had not omitted the list of plants inserted in the original MS., because Dr. Sibthorp's communication is almost wholly of a scientific character.

Lemnos, we believe, has been seldom visited. Mr. Walpole has inserted an extract from Dr. Hunt's journal, who, with the late Professor Carlyle, spent a few days on the island in the course of their voyage to Athos. It proved to be wholly barren of the remains of its former greatness: of its memorable labyrinth, not a vestige could be traced. Our classical readers will no doubt recollect the one hundred and fifty columns of this labyrinth, its massive gates and numerous statues. But *ipse periere ruinae*. For our parts, we cannot solve the strange and inexplicable problem, that a place so celebrated, from the fabulous ages down to the time of Strabo, should not present to the eye of the anti-

quarry, one valuable vestige of ancient art. We are not, indeed, surprised, that the caverns of Vulcan and his Cyclops were no longer discernible; but, that not one Pelasgic fortress, or Doric or Ionic edifice, the work of Athenian or Carian colonists, nay, that not so much as an ancient medal, was to be found in the whole range of the island, has considerably perplexed us. We can assign no other cause for the desolation, than the volcanic composition of the island; and we are induced to infer, therefore, that the true 'Lemnian ills' *Λήμνια κακὰ*, have been volcanoes and earthquakes.

We were much disappointed at perceiving so jejune a notice of the ruins of Nicopolis, visited by Dr. Sibthorp,—the celebrated city founded by Augustus in commemoration of his Actian victory,—and not a syllable dedicated to the elucidation of the geographical mystery in which the relative site of Actium and its bay are still involved. But the learned Doctor thought more of a lichen or a moss, than of aqueducts and thermæ, or of Strabo and Pausanias. It is remarkable, how the ruling passion breaks out in a thorough-bred botanist. The ruins of the amphitheatre at Nicopolis, are the most perfect relics of an ancient theatre now existing; every part, even to the proscenium, being nearly perfect. It excites, however, no other observation than the following:

'There are considerable remains of a theatre. I gathered on the walls of it the *Asplenium Hemionitis*. Near the gate-way I observed the *Celtis Australis*.'

When Dr. Sibthorp was at Zante (1795), the island was under the Venetian government. He describes in the strongest terms, the depravity and licentiousness of its manners. It is pleasing to an Englishman, to reflect that these disorders were repressed, when it passed under the protection of the British government. The following sketch of its former condition, will enable our readers to estimate the amount of the blessings which have been thus conferred upon that beautiful island.

'The great object of the republic of Venice is to provide for its poor nobility. The proveditor of Zante exercises his office for three years, and then carries off from 6 to 20,000 sechins. Part of this is made by fines or liberation money, that is the money paid by criminals to escape from prison; and the Zantiote, not finding the sword of justice lodged in the hands of an active government, becomes his own executioner, and makes no distinction in the measure of crimes. Hence the massacres which disgrace the island, and carry off the flower of the Zantiote youth. So low is the estimate of murder, that 30 piastres are considered as the price of blood. "I would shoot you," says one Zantiote to another, "but I have not 30 piastres to pay for your skin." During my stay at Zante, I heard frequently the discharge of fire-arms in the streets, and was informed of several



murders. The idea of consumption being contagious, is very prevalent at Zante. A sick person accidentally discovered that his brother had died of a consumption, and the malady had been carefully concealed from him by the doctor. The patient enraged at the supposition of his having caught the disorder from his brother, in consequence of not being advised of it, loaded his pistols, and when the doctor, in one of his visits, approached the bed side of his patient, the latter discharged the contents into his body. This happened while the philanthropic Howard was at Zante, who was shocked with horror at the scene.' Vol. II. pp. 104, 105.

The most interesting portion of this volume, is the selection from the papers of the late lamented Mr. Browne, who fell a victim to his zeal in the prosecution of geographical discovery; a science whose bounds have been considerably extended by his labours. An account of the murder of this unfortunate traveller, has already appeared in our journal, as related by Sir Robert Ker Porter in his *Persian travels*. But the biographical memoir of Mr. Browne which Mr. Walpole has inserted in the volume before us, is an invaluable contribution. We learn that it is from the pen of the same accomplished writer to whom the public is already indebted for the life of Mr. Mungo Park. Need we mention the name of Mr. Wishaw? We can present our readers only a concise abstract of it.

William George Browne was born in London in 1768. His education was private, till he went to Oxford, where he applied himself with great diligence to classical reading, and went carefully through the whole of the Greek and Latin historians. He took also a wide range in general literature. Such was his industry at this time, that he read from twelve to fifteen hours a day. After the usual period of academical residence, it was necessary to think of some plan for his future life. The instinct of adventure, and a certain passion for enterprise, at first suggested to him the army; but a little reflection convinced him how ill he was suited by character and habit for such a profession. He for a short time attempted the study of the law, but resolved at last to content himself with his small patrimony, on which he lived afterwards without any regular employment.

He improved himself in modern languages, and acquired a correct taste for the fine arts. Botany, chemistry, and mineralogy, which were afterwards of the greatest use to him in his travels, he also cultivated with great assiduity. From a very early period, he felt anxious to distinguish himself as an explorer of remote countries, and had, from his youth, been a diligent reader of *Travels*; but it was the publication of Bruce's work on Abyssinia, that gave the immediate impulse to his long cherished ambition. He became impatient to follow the same

course, and to struggle with the same difficulties. He read likewise at the same time, and with similar emotions, the proceedings of the African Association, then first published; a book abounding with new and interesting views of the vast continent of Africa, and opening an unbounded field for research and enterprise. He was now determined to attempt a passage into the interior of Africa, and a paper which he has left upon this subject, thus shortly describes his own idea of the physical and moral qualities requisite for the undertaking: 'Among the requisites for my journey, of which self-examination induced me to believe myself possessed, were, a good constitution, which, though far from robust, was, I knew, capable of enduring fatigue and change; steadiness to my purpose, and much indifference to personal accommodations and enjoyments; together with a degree of patience which could endure reverses and disappointments without murmuring.'

In 1791, Mr. Browne left England, and after residing two months at Alexandria, he proceeded westward into the Desert, to explore the unknown site of the temple of Jupiter Ammon. For this purpose he proceeded to the Oasis of Siwah; but, after experiencing great difficulty and danger from the inhabitants, and finding nothing satisfactory as to the object of his search, he returned early in 1792 to Alexandria. He afterwards visited Rosetta, Damietta, and the Natron Lakes, and established himself for some time at Cairo, where he applied with redoubled diligence to the Arabic language and the study of Oriental customs and manners. Having sailed up the Nile as far as the celebrated ruins of Thebes, he visited Syene, the ancient boundary of the Roman empire, and the famous cataracts of that river. Hence he endeavoured to penetrate into Nubia, but a war having broken out between the Mamalûks of Upper Egypt and a neighbouring chief, no person was suffered to pass into that country from Egypt, and he was reluctantly obliged to abandon all hopes of reaching Abyssinia during that season. At Genné on the Nile, recollecting the striking description given by Bruce of the great quarries between that place and the Red Sea, he directed his course thither by a journey of considerable danger, and performed it in safety by means of a successful assumption of the Oriental dress and manners. His curiosity was amply rewarded by those immense excavations formed in the earliest ages, from which the great Egyptian monuments were obtained, and which furnished statues and columns to Rome in her wealthy and luxurious days.

Having now seen the whole of Egypt, he began to form his plan for visiting the interior of Africa. He determined, however, to limit his views to Abyssinia, and to go carefully and with geographical exactness, over the ground traversed, by



Bruce. But insurmountable obstacles still opposing his journey through Nubia, Mr. Browne thought he had no alternative but to accompany the great Soudan caravan to Dar-Fûr, a Mahomedan country west of Abyssinia, whence he might, as there was reason to believe, penetrate into Abyssinia, and obtain some information as to that unknown branch of the Nile, which had occupied so much of his attention. At any rate, it was a new track, wholly untrodden by European travellers.

The caravan left Egypt in May 1793, the hottest season of the year, the thermometer being occasionally during the journey, 116 in the shade; and after inconceivable hardships it reached Dar-Fûr in July. Here he was treated by the reigning sovereign with the utmost harshness and cruelty; a circumstance which, combined with the fatigues of his journey and the effects of the rainy season, produced a dangerous and alarming illness, from which he slowly recovered. Not being permitted to quit the country, plundered, too, of the greater part of his effects, he resigned himself to his fate, and cultivated an intercourse with the principal inhabitants, by means of which he obtained such a knowledge of the Arabic dialect which prevailed there, as to partake of their society and conversation. For more than two years, he remained an ineffectual suitor for leave to depart. It is wonderful that in this dreadful state, surrounded by dangers, and hopeless of escape, his health and spirits did not desert him. That in such a state of accumulated suffering, he collected much curious and minute information respecting the country, can be attributed only to that invincible serenity and firmness of mind, which exalt him above the most distinguished travellers.

At length, he obtained permission to quit Dar-Fûr, after a constrained residence of three years, and returned in the Spring of 1796, to Egypt. He resided at Cairo till the December following, when, having visited Syria, Palestine, Aleppo, and Damascus, he proceeded through Asia Minor to Constantinople, where he arrived in December, 1797, and proceeded thence by Vienna, Berlin, and Hamburgh, to England, after an absence of nearly seven years. In 1800, he published his work, under the title of *Travels in Africa, Egypt, and Syria, from the year 1792 to 1798*. It excited much expectation, and the Author had spared no pains to fit it for the public eye; but it never became popular. He had adopted an erroneous theory of style; his composition was abrupt, artificial, and affected; some of the passages in his work offended against good taste, others against strict morality. 'It was written,' says his Biographer, 'with a certain coldness and languor, and was deficient not only in that spirit with which great enterprises ought to be described, but in those picturesque touches which give life and reality to a book of Travels.' It contained, however, much new and valuable information; and many of the details

concerning Egypt were then highly interesting. It is this which constitutes the essential merit of Mr. Browne's work. As to its geographical accuracy, Major Rennel's testimony is full and explicit.

He had no sooner completed this publication, than he prepared for another journey. In 1800, he visited Athens and Smyrna, and subsequently Cairo, where he passed the winter of that year. Early in 1802, he went to Salonika, explored Mount Athos, and afterwards sojourned for several months at Venice. In 1803, he employed a considerable time in viewing the antiquities of Sicily. On his return to London, he arranged the materials collected during these expeditions, but afterwards abandoned the design of publishing them; from what motives, is not apparent. The extracts from his papers contained in Mr. Walpole's second volume, were taken from the MS. which he prepared for this purpose.

But he was not idle. Oriental and classical literature employed the greater part of his day. He mixed little in general society, leading the life of a retired scholar in the vast solitude of the metropolis. His friendships were founded upon similarity of studies and pursuits. The late amiable and excellent Mr. Tennant, a person highly distinguished for his chemical and literary attainments, was among the most intimate of his associates: he had a singular fondness for Oriental literature, and felt peculiar gratification in Mr. Browne's society. By strangers, however, the character of this accomplished traveller was apt to be misunderstood. Whether from temperament or from acquired habit, he was unusually grave and silent, and, in general society, he was cold and repulsive. For some time, even with Mr. Tennant, he would remain gloomy and thoughtful; but after indulging himself a few minutes with his pipe, his countenance brightened, and he discoursed in a lively and picturesque manner on the subjects of his travels. In a letter written by Mr. Tennant to an intimate friend soon after he had received the account of Mr. Browne's death, 'I recall,' he says, 'with a melancholy pleasure the *Noctes Arabicæ* which I have so often passed with him at the Adelphi, where I used to go whenever I found myself gloomy or solitary; and so agreeable to me were those soothing, romantic evening conversations, that, after ringing his bell, I used to wait with great anxiety, fearful that he might not be at home.'

After passing several years in London, his ruling passion returned, and he meditated new expeditions. Many projects suggested themselves, but he at length fixed upon the Tartar city of Samarcand and the central region of Asia around it. In the summer of 1812, he departed from England, and at the close of the year, proceeded from Constantinople to



Smyrna, where he established himself for some time. In 1813, he travelled in a North-easterly direction through Asia Minor and Armenia, and arrived on the 1st of June at Tabreez on the frontiers of Persia. Mr. Browne remained there several weeks, and received from Sir Gore Ouseley every aid toward the prosecution of his meditated journey into Tartary. Having at length completed his preparations, he took his departure for Tehraun, intending to proceed from that capital. What subsequently happened, can be known only from the testimony of those who accompanied him. After some days, both the servants returned with an account, that, at a place near the river Kizil Ozan, about 120 miles from Tehraun, they had been attacked by banditti, that Mr. Browne had been dragged a short distance from the road, where he was plundered and murdered, but they were suffered to escape. The soldiers who were despatched with orders to search for Mr. Browne's remains, and to make strict search for the assassins, reported on their return, that they had failed in both objects, but that they had fully ascertained the fact of Mr. Browne's death, and had found some portion of his clothes: they added, that they believed the body to have been abandoned to beasts of prey.

In his person, Mr. Browne was thin, of a dark complexion, and pensive countenance. He was remarkable for the steadiness of his attachments, and the warmth of his friendships; though far from affluent, he was yet liberal and generous; and (what is very important in reference to his character as a traveller) a man of exact and punctilious veracity. He had no brilliancy of parts; but he was an intense student. As an Orientalist, he may be ranked among the most learned in that branch of letters: in his familiar acquaintance with Eastern manners, he was unrivalled. It was this which enabled him to personate the Oriental character with such rare exactness and propriety. Although a good scholar, he was deficient in taste; and an ambition to shine betrayed him into perpetual faults as a writer. 'The affectation of his style,' says Mr. Wishaw, 'formed a singular contrast to the simplicity of his manners and conversation.' Another of his peculiarities was his enthusiastic admiration of Oriental life, acquired, no doubt, partly from long residence in the East, and partly arising from the natural tranquillity and *repose* of his disposition. It had, indeed, a considerable effect on his understanding, since it produced the paradoxical dissertation at the end of his *Travels in Africa*, in which, after an elaborate comparison between the Eastern and the European nations, as to wisdom, morality, and happiness, he gives his decided preference to the former!

On opening his will, a paper in his hand-writing was found enclosed, containing a remarkable passage from Pindar, expres-

sive of that generous ambition and contempt of danger and death, which are the inspiring principles of all great enterprises. His most intimate friends were scarcely aware of those powerful but deep feelings which the habitual reserve and coldness of his character effectually concealed from observation.

Ὁ μίγας δὲ κίνδυνος  
ἀναλκιν ἢ φῶ-  
τα λαμβάνει. Θανὼν δ' οἷσιν ἀναγκα,  
τί κέ τις ἀνώνυμον γῆρας ἐν σκοτῇ  
καθήμενος ἔφοι μάταν, ἀπάντων  
καλῶν ἄμμορος; ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ μὲν ὕτος  
ἄθλος γ' ὑποκίεσται.

Pind. Olymp. carm. 1. v. 129.

We make no apology for having thus imparted to our readers the substance of this interesting piece of biography, which is the sketch of no common hand, and the product of a mind which knew how to temper the warmth of private friendship by a strict regard of what is due to truth and to justice. From Mr. Browne's journey in 1802 through Asia Minor, we extract the following passage illustrative of the manners of a tribe little known to Europeans.

Erakli is agreeably situated in the midst of gardens full of fruit and forest trees. About 40 minutes from the city, begins the ascent of the mountainous ridge, a continuation of Taurus. It took us five hours to reach the summit. A little further we came to a small village, near which was an acre or two only of cultivated land. The Turkmen with their flocks, dwelling under tents, inhabit this almost inaccessible region. The air is cool and salubrious, and pellucid springs give spirit and animation to the scene.

In my visits to the Turkman tents, I remarked a strong contrast between their habits and those of the Bedouin Arabs. With the latter, the rights of hospitality are inviolable: and while the host possesses a cake, he feels it his duty to furnish half of it to his guest. The Turkman offers nothing spontaneously, and if he furnish a little milk or butter, it is at an exorbitant price. With him it is a matter of calculation, whether the compendious profit of a single act of plunder, or the more ignoble custom of receiving presents from the caravans for their secure passage, be most advantageous. The Arab values himself on his *hasb wed nash*, that is, his pedigree; the Turkman on his personal prowess. With the former, civility requires that salutations be protracted to satiety; the latter scarcely replies to a *Salam aleikum*.

The dress of the Turkmen consists of a large striped and fringed turban, fastened in a manner peculiar to themselves; or sometimes of a simple high-crowned cap of white felt. A vest, usually white, is thrown over the shirt: the Agas superadd one of cloth; and in general, they approximate to the dress of the capital. But the common



people wear a short jacket of various colours. A cincture is indispensably necessary, in which are fixed an enormous yatagan,\* and a pistol. Many of them wear half-boots, red or yellow, laced to the leg. The female dress is a coloured vest, and a piece of white cotton over the head, covering part of the face. They are masculine and active, performing all the harder kinds of labour required by the family. Their features are good, but not pleasing. The men are muscular, tall, straight, and active. Their teeth are white and regular; their eyes piercing; their complexions clear, but sun-burnt. In a word, they have every thing denoting exhaustless health and vigour of body. A general resemblance is visible betwixt them and the populace of Constantinople: but the latter appear effeminate by the comparison. Every action and every motion of the Turkmans is marked with dignity and grace. Their language is clear and sonorous, but less soft than that of the capital; expressing, as may be conceived, no abstract ideas, (for which the Turkish is indebted to the Arabic alone,) but fitted to paint the stronger passions, and to express in the most concise and forcible manner, the mandates of authority. Their riches consist of cattle, horses, arms, and various habiliments. How lamentable to think, that with persons so interesting, and a character so energetic, they unite such confirmed habits of idleness, violence, fraud, and treachery! From the rising of the sun till his disappearance, the males are employed only in smoking, conversing, inspecting their cattle, or visiting their acquaintance. They watch at night for the purpose of plunder, which among them is honourable in proportion to the ingenuity of the contrivance, or the audacity of the execution. Their families are generally small, and there is reason to believe that their numbers are not increasing. But my experience among them was too short to enable me to point out the checks which operate to counteract the natural tendency to multiply.' pp. 125—128.

The following anecdote is characteristic of Mr. Browne's promptitude and expertness in oriental customs.

'I embarked in a small boat with several passengers for Larneka in Cyprus. None of the company departed from the rules of civility and mutual forbearance, but a Derwish. The order to which he belonged was one of the strictest; yet many individuals who are members of it unite great profligacy, vulgarity, and insolence, with pretensions to superior sanctity, and gross worldliness and servility with extraordinary professions of devotion and self-denial. This man talked incessantly in a very forward and irrational manner, and occasionally threw out hints that he suspected me to be a Christian, declaring at the same time, how much he despised and hated infidels. His pointless satire I bore patiently, reserving my reply for a proper occasion. Being one day together at the table of the Custom-house officer, the Derwish suddenly left off eating, and looking directly at me, said, "*La illa ila ullah*"—There is no other god, but God: to which I instantly replied in a cheerful tone,

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\* A sword with a broad blade, concave, and cutting with one edge nearly straight and inclining in a contrary direction to the sabre.

"*We Mohammed abduhu we rasoulouhu*"—And Mohammed is his servant and his ambassador;—and I immediately added, "I congratulate myself, father Derwish, on hearing the sacred profession of Islam drop from your tongue; but I should be still better pleased at learning that the faith had place in your heart. God built the Islam on five things; but of the five you possess not one. You receive alms, and never give; your knees are bent at table, but never on the carpet of prayer; but you abstain from food only when no one will give it to you. Your ablutions are performed with dust instead of water; and your pilgrimage has only been from the Tekiè to the brothel. You drink no wine, but you are drunk with opium; and your embroidered cap, instead of being a crown of sanctity, is a badge of folly. With such morals, any marriage that you could contract, would not be a marriage, but a repetition of the sensuality to which you are accustomed; and if any one of the true believers here should consent to give you his daughter in marriage, I am content to bear all the obloquy that you can utter for a week to come." It may be supposed, that I did not venture to talk on in this strain, without having previously ascertained in what degree of estimation the Derwish was held by the rest of the company; and far from taking his part, they acknowledged by their loud laughter the justice of my reproof." pp. 138, 9.

Mr. Browne resided much at Constantinople, and his inquisitive mind of course collected considerable information upon subjects which less diligent observers have passed over unnoticed. But, though we are by no means disposed to derogate from Mr. Browne's qualifications as an observant traveller and acute geographer, and are willing to allow that Major Rennel's testimony as to the merits of his Travels in Africa, in respect of geographical discovery, ought, in strict justice, to outweigh the minor exceptions that may be taken to the stiffness, and we may say heaviness, of that production,—we must acknowledge our disappointment in the notes of his journey through Asia Minor, inserted in the volume we are now examining. But Colonel Leake's communication of his tour through some of those provinces, amply compensates for the deficiency of Mr. Browne's. We consider that the scientific world are already under no trivial obligations to the enlightened researches and persevering industry of this enterprising officer; and the papers inserted by Mr. Walpole, have not a little augmented the debt. Asia Minor, with the exception of one or two routes, is still a *terra incognita* to the modern race of travellers. The ignorance and suspicious nature of the Turks, who, having no idea of scientific travelling, can scarcely imagine that any other motives would attract a traveller to so remote a country and so toilsome an expedition, than a preparation for hostile invasion, or a search after hidden treasure;—the deserted state of the country, which not unfrequently occasions a total want of the common necessities and conveniences of life;—the enfeebled authority of the government of Constantinople.



which often renders its protection ineffectual in its distant dependencies;—these impediments, to which others might be added, are peculiarly felt in Asia Minor. A disguised dress, the assumption of a medical character, great patience and perseverance, and the sacrifice of all comforts, afford the only chances of investigating the country; and even these will be insufficient without an intimate knowledge of the language and manners of the people. Had Burckhardt been spared to science, these interesting provinces, the most highly favoured by nature, though wasted and desolated by the Turk, would have presented a still wider field for those eminent talents and that unsubdued courage, which enabled him to elucidate the obscure tracts of Egypt and Nubia.

Of modern travellers, two only have traversed this beautiful region for scientific purposes; Paul Lucas in 1705 and 1706, and Captain Kinneir in 1813 and 1814. But even the travels of these persons consisted merely of three or four routes instead of one; the state of the provinces and various incidental difficulties having rendered every deviation from the main road wholly impracticable. The fact is, that the most successful traveller can scarcely hope to effect more than a rapid passage along the principal roads, obtain a transient glance of some of the remains of antiquity, note the distances of places, their relative bearings, and the situations of remarkable towns or mountains.

It is, therefore, obvious, that the geography of Asia Minor, can be elucidated only by combining the journals of different travellers, and, from the information thus collected, making a gradual approximation to a detailed map of the country. To this object, Mr. Walpole has greatly contributed by the publication of Colonel Leake's valuable journal of his route through the centre of Asia Minor, from Constantinople to the coast of Cilicia. We should have been better pleased, however, if the dingy map of Asia Minor, in which the respective routes of Koehler, Browne, and Leake are professedly traced, had been omitted altogether. The reader is only encumbered with its assistance.

Scientific geography is apparently a rugged and uninviting pursuit. It ministers, however, to nobler and more expanded science, and it is a requisite step to him who would acquire by actual survey or by reading, a minute and accurate view of the world which he inhabits, of man, modified by climate, religion, and polity, and of governments influenced reciprocally by the characters and dispositions of the different races subject to their control; the painful but necessary ascent to a vast eminence from which the mind may expatiate over a large and comprehensive space of contemplation. For this rea-

son, we have no hesitation in extracting Colonel Leake's concise but masterly review of the present state of the geography of Asia Minor.

'The line' (he speaks of his own route from Constantinople to Cilicia) is one of the most important in the province; and the latitude and longitude of its Southern extremity having been lately ascertained by Captain Beaufort, it may be now laid down on the map with certainty. This and two or three other lines, of which the extremities are equally certain, furnish, together with a few observations of latitude in the interior of the peninsula, a good foundation for the skeleton of a map, where, however deficient we may be in filling up the outline, many points, and the direction of the principal ridges of the mountains, may be satisfactorily traced. In our further progress, we shall be greatly assisted by the knowledge of the coast already obtained; for this part of the geography of Asia Minor is in a much more advanced state than that of the interior, of which five-sixths are still a blank. By several partial surveys, by the observations of Beauchamp in the Black Sea, but, above all, by the surveys made by Captain Beaufort, of the southern and part of the western coast, in 1811 and 1812, it may now be said, that one half of the coast is accurately known in detail, and that of the other parts, no point of importance is much in error, so that future routes across the Peninsula, between two points of the coast, may be laid down with greater accuracy. It should be observed, that routes in a North and South, or N.E. and S.E. direction, are now by much the most valuable: the frequent passage of travellers from Europe to India, or from Constantinople and Smyrna to Persia and Syria, or in the opposite direction, having multiplied the longitudinal routes, whilst we possess very few in the transverse direction.

'It may possibly assist the geographer, if I briefly subjoin the authorities on which all our knowledge of the geography of Asia Minor rests. The elder travellers may be confined to Tavernier, Tournefort, Paul Lucas, Otter, and Pococke. Tavernier informs us, that he began his travels by a visit to England in the reign of James the First. But he affords no geographical matter relating to the central parts of the Asiatic peninsula, except of the caravan road from Smyrna to Tokât, which passed by Cassabâ, and across the salt country to the Kizil Ermak. Tournefort traversed Asia Minor only in one direction, from Erzerum to Angura, by Tokat, and thence to Brusa. Paul Lucas was sent out in 1704 by Louis the XIVth. But, unfortunately, Lucas was not well adapted by previous study even for those branches of investigation to which his attention was particularly directed by his employers, namely, the collection of coins and inscriptions. By assuming the medical character, he secured a good reception at the towns, and protection from the governors; but the banditti, which at this period infested every part of the country, obliged him always to travel in haste; and he was not qualified to derive as much advan-

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\* The position of its Northern extremity, Constantinople, is known by a variety of observations.



tage from his journeys as a more enlightened traveller might have done. The names of places are often disfigured by his careless mode of writing. His ignorance and credulity made him delight in the absurd tales which the traveller so often hears in these half-civilized countries, at the same time that he passes by many useful topics. But his itinerary is as correct as he was capable of making it; and, with all his faults, he has furnished us with a greater number of routes than any other traveller in Asia Minor. Next to Lucas, Otter is the most useful of the early travellers. He was a Swede, sent to Persia by the Court of France in 1734; and he passed from Constantinople through Asia Minor by Isnik, Eskisherh, and Adana. Among our own countrymen, Pococke is the only traveller of the last century who has published his route with sufficient precision to be useful to the geographer. His narrative is obscure and confused, and his journey in Asia Minor is, therefore, of much less importance than it might have been made by so enlightened and persevering a traveller. In 1739, having visited a great part of Ionia and Caria, he ascended the valley of the Mæander to Ishekli and Sandakli, whence he crossed to Beiad, Sevrhissar, and Angura.

Nieburh's route in 1766, an account of which would have been published had not a fire destroyed all the copper plates of his engravings, was through Erkle, Konia, Kutaya, and Brusa. He made the observations of latitude which have already been mentioned; and Major Rennel is in possession of a copy of the map of his route, which had been struck off before the fire.

In 1797, Mr. Brown traversed the range of Taurus to Bostan, Kesaria, Angura, and Nicomedia. But among recent travellers, Captain Kinneir has made the most important additions to our geographical knowledge of Asia Minor. He was one of the many persons who crossed the northern part from Tokat by Amasia and Boli. This route has been laid down with great accuracy, but is of little use in connecting the geography of the northern parts, until the longitude of some of its points is known, and we have some other routes intersecting it in a direction North and South. Of several distinct routes in the ancient provinces of Mysia, Lydia, and Caria, we have many descriptions in Smith, Wheler, Spon, Chishull, Pococke, and Chandler.' pp. 187—192.

The catalogue which we have just extracted, we strongly recommend to the geographical student. We refer him also to the learned citation of authorities, upon which is founded our knowledge of the ancient geography of the interior of Asia Minor; and particularly to the fifth chapter, which contains many useful and recondite observations both on the ancient and the modern geography of part of the Southern coast of Asia Minor, and those districts of the peninsula which were traversed by General Koehler. The notes to this chapter evince the soundest judgement and the deepest erudition.

We reluctantly pass by several important papers in this valuable miscellany. The late Lieutenant Colonel Squire's travels through the ancient Coele Syria, is replete with interesting in-

formation. We must find room, however, for a short extract from Mr. Fazakerley's \* journey from Cairo to Mount Sinai, which tends to elucidate a question in natural history as to the distinct races of the camel and the dromedary, on which Buffon, Gibbon, and other writers, seem to have been essentially mistaken.

' I cannot quite satisfy myself about these two animals. Camels are generally said to have two humps on the back, and the dromedary but one; in this country, however, there are none with two humps, and the natives use "camel" and "dromedary" without reference to any distinction between them but to their comparative size and lightness; a dromedary here bearing the same relation to a camel, that with us a hunter does to a race-horse. In the Northern parts of Asia near the Caspian, and in the Crimea, as well as towards Constantinople, there is, I believe, a breed of camels with two humps; but here, as well as in Egypt, the slow camels that march with heavy loads, and the dromedaries used for purposes of expedition, have neither of them more than one hump. The camel and the dromedary breed together, and it is difficult in their mixed progeny, to say, to which tribe an individual should belong. "Camel" is occasionally used as a generic term to express all animals of this description. "Dromedary" is always used to denote a particular class.'

To this passage, the following quotation from the *Fauna Orientalis* of Forskal, is subjoined by the Editor, and it throws too strong a light over this physical problem, to be omitted.

' "*Camelus vulgaris*. Djammel. Animal natum ad tolerandos labores et incommoda orbis meridionalis. Os et gingivæ mirâ cartilagine inductæ ne noceant spinæ plantarum deserti, quæ omnes fere armatæ sunt, quasque cetera animalia horrent; quarum vero bellus camelus est. Dromedarius. Hadgin. A camelo non specie sed propagatione variat; corpore apto et gracili. Cursu equo citatio. *Bactrianus*. Bôcht. Gibbo dorsi duplice. *Exoticus, et proceribus tantum inter animalia rariora reservatus.*" Common Camel. Djammel. An animal framed for labour and to sustain the inconveniences of Southern climates. His mouth and lips are covered with a thick cartilage, to protect them from the plants of the desert, which are for the most part prickly. Dromedary. Hadgin. Varies from the camel, not in species, but in breed; of a light and slender frame, and quicker than the horse. Bôcht. *Has two humps on his back. An exotic animal, and kept only amongst other rare animals for persons of consequence.*

Mr. Wilkins has communicated to Mr. Walpole's collection, an ingenious dissertation on the Sculptures of the Parthenon. Our article has already reached a somewhat unusual length; but every topic that relates to the noblest monuments of human genius, has so awakening an interest, that we should not do justice to ourselves, were we hastily or frigidly to dismiss it. The

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\* M. P. for Lincoln.



Elgin Marbles, as they are called, (we do not enter into the question of their acquisition,) constitute a school of sculpture, of which the models, though they appear little better than mutilated and shapeless fragments, are the most exquisite that have in any period adorned this department of art. It was under the creative hands of Phidias and the protection of Pericles, that sculpture started at once to life and maturity. Of that great artist, the reputation had hitherto rested on the slender notices of historians. It was reserved to our own time and country, to have his genius embodied in actual specimens before our eyes, to confirm the truth of history, and to prove, that the revolution of twenty centuries has not only added nothing to this beautiful art, but that even its most triumphant efforts in later times, have been vain aspirations after an excellence which has perpetually eluded pursuit; an excellence, the exclusive boast and glory of that splendid era.

Such being our impressions, we cannot suppress our regret at observing, that Mr. Wilkins begins his disquisition with a remark which considerably derogates from the transcendent merit of these beautiful remains. We were aware, indeed, that this gentleman, in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, had unluckily adopted an hypothesis, of which we had hoped that Mr. Payne Knight, who first started it, would remain the exclusive proprietor; that Phidias never worked in stone, and consequently, that the sculptures lately in the Parthenon, and now transferred to England, were the work of inferior artists and assistants. But this extraordinary notion has been so triumphantly refuted by M. Visconti\*, that we can hardly persuade ourselves that Mr. Wilkins still adheres to it. Yet, what conclusion are we to draw from the position with which he begins his paper?—that the slight notice taken by Pausanias of the sculptures of the two pediments of the Parthenon, justifies the inference, ‘that, however estimable they appear in the eyes of modern criticism, they excited no strong sensation in the mind of the writer accustomed to the contemplation of works of higher pretensions.’ We concede, however, to Mr. Wilkins, that it is somewhat singular, that so minute a chronicler as Pausanias generally was of these matters, should have made so slight a mention of the great ornaments of the Parthenon. There might, in our opinion, be various reasons for this circumstance. The very celebrity of the great works of the Parthenon, which every successive traveller had described, which every person who had sojourned in Athens had seen, and of

\* “Lettre du Chev. Canova, et deux Memoires lus à l’Institut Royal de France, sur les Ouvrages de Sculpture, &c. &c. &c. Par le Chev. Viconti.” Londres, 1816.

which there were, no doubt, already in existence when Pausanias travelled, delineations even to satiety, might in all probability induce that laborious geographer to satisfy himself with an abbreviated account of the Parthenon. It is a common circumstance with writers, to forget that it is a part of their duty to supply posterity with materials for history, and that matters of vulgar notoriety in their own age, become in the progression of time, dark and obscure. But if the scholars and assistants of Calliocrates and Ictinus, to whom Mr. Payne Knight attributes these miracles of art, were the sculptors of the Parthenon, that fact, by reason of its minuteness and particularity, is not likely to have been passed unnoticed by Pausanias. The well known fact, that they were the *chef d'œuvres* of Phidias and his most distinguished disciples, precisely by reason of its generality, such a writer would think it superfluous to record. We are, indeed, by no means prepared to assert, that these stupendous works were all executed by the hand of that great master. Considering their number and magnitude, it is scarcely possible that a single artist should have had a greater share in the ornamental parts of the temple, than that of designing them and superintending their execution. But with these admissions, there remains ample reason to infer that they are as much the works of Phidias, as any great mass of sculpture could be said to be the work of a single artist. It is well known, that Alcamenes, the ablest scholar of Phidias, executed the pediments of the temple of Jupiter at Elis, and that they were touched by the Promethean hand of his master. A similar presumption with regard to the works of the Parthenon, is by no means irrational.

But we have better testimony; the applause of the senses, echoed by the heart. Who is there, that has seen those exquisite forms of ideal beauty, forming as it were a mystic chain that unites the external world to the world of imagination and intellect; who is there, that can contemplate the life, the activity, the grace expanded over the matchless representation of the Panathenaid Procession, and breathing in every figure of its diversified groupes, without the highest species of intellectual gratification? Even the mutilated and imperfect figures of the Theseus and Ilyssus, destitute as they are of that personal character which delights and interests us in the Apollo or the Laocoon, and therefore less calculated to awake moral associations, than those statues, where the design of the artist is so visibly displayed;—even these models bespeak the elevation of the genius by which they were imagined, and attest the sovereignty of the hand by which they were fashioned in a language sufficiently intelligible to all who pretend to purity of taste or accuracy of judgement.

Upon the remaining parts of Mr. Wilkins's dissertation, we



unhesitatingly pronounce a less qualified panegyric. Pausanias says, 'that the pediment of the front or edifice represented the birth of Minerva; and that of the back, the contest of Minerva and Neptune for Attica.' The Acropolis being entered from the West, and the East end of the temple having been from a comparatively early modern period built round with Turkish houses, it happened that travellers mistook the west for the front, and the east for the back (*οπισθεν*); and they applied, therefore, what Pausanias had said of the one, to the other. Having once adopted this error, they persevered in adapting to it the groupes of the several pediments; in short, torturing the birth of Minerva into the contest for Attica. Mr. Wilkins has ably exposed the glaring absurdities of Wheler and Spon, too implicitly followed by Chandler and Stuart on this subject. For ourselves, we had already received our impressions relative to this singular question, from the able work of Viconti; but the reasonings of Mr. Wilkins are learned and ingenious, and we refer the general reader or the virtuoso to his paper, which well deserves the place assigned to it in Mr. Walpole's valuable miscellany.

Art. IV. *Remarks on the Present State of Ireland; with Hints for ameliorating the Condition, and promoting the Education and Moral Improvement of the Peasantry of that Country.* By Robert Steven. 8vo. pp. 90. London. 1822.

**I**RELAND already lies under important obligations to the philanthropic Author of this forcible appeal on the subject of her present critical situation. His inquiry into the abuses of the Chartered Schools,\* was the means of bringing to light the most flagrant delinquencies, while it afforded a fresh illustration of the mismanagement which, as by a fatality, has hitherto attached to the administration of all Irish affairs. At that period, the Hibernian Society, of which this gentleman is a zealous and most effective member, had but very recently been instituted. The importance of its achievements even then, however, was such as to present a most striking contrast to the inefficiency of the Chartered Society, and to awake the most pleasing anticipations as to the results of its progressive exertions.

The present publication is a report of the present moral and social condition of the Island, drawn up from personal observation during a residence of many months, which were entirely devoted to the objects of benevolence. These objects were more particularly,

'to examine the schools connected with the London Hibernian Society, and others, as they came in my way; to promote an in-

\* See Eclectic Review, N. S. Vol. IX. p. 119.

increased circulation of the Holy Scriptures; and to endeavour to awaken a greater interest among the resident nobility, clergy, and gentry of that country, in favour of the education of the poor. In this service, I visited nearly four fifths of the counties of Ireland, and spent the whole of the summer and autumn of 1821.\*

It will, probably, awake surprise, that the general cast of the pamphlet is comparatively pleasing and encouraging. At a time that the daily papers are filled with details of outrages and insurrections in Ireland, when a vulgar and besotted party-spirit is found still reigning in its capital, and when bigotry has just been celebrating the secession of two archbishops from the Hibernian Bible Society as a glorious event in the annals of the Irish Establishment,\*—it is a most agreeable relief to turn to some of the statements contained in these pages.

With regard to the political disorders of this ill-fated country, the tumult and insurrection of which we hear, though serious and justly alarming, are, as might be expected, partial and referrible to no mysterious or equivocal origin. That they mainly arise from distress, will not be denied by any person acquainted with the real state of Ireland. The state of the country is, indeed, becoming in this respect so critical, that the Writer has felt justified in addressing himself in the strongest language to the Absentee landlords, at whose door much of the evil must be laid. The late visit of Royalty has proved far from a solid benefit. It has swelled the Customs and the Excise returns for the year; but it has done this at the expense of a year's income to some of the poorer gentry; nor will the money squandered at Dublin ever find its way to that class among whom its circulation would diffuse prosperity.

'I lament,' says Mr. Steven, 'the foul stains which are cast on Ireland, by the barbarous murders and excesses which have been perpetrated of late, and I shall rejoice in seeing order restored to that unhappy country. But, unless there is a change of system, it is in vain to expect it. There is a crisis, beyond which suffering cannot pass without danger. That crisis, I fear, the Sister Island has reached. In a country circumstanced as Ireland is, groaning under a heavy load of grievances, whatever produces a local irritation on the minds of the poor, is in danger, even after the evil complained of is removed.'

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\* See the *British Critic* and the *Christian Remembrancer* of December 1. It was attempted to make it generally believed, that the British and Foreign Bible Society had been deserted by some of its episcopal patrons. The fact is, that the seceding primates were never in any way connected with that society; that the Hibernian Bible Society is not, strictly speaking, an auxiliary to the English institution; and that the two archbishops who have so long patronised the latter (Cashel and Tuam), remain its firm friends.



ed, (through the wicked counsel of disloyal men,) of assuming a different form; proceeding forward, and gathering strength, until the public peace is threatened. Restore order, command respect for the laws, punish the fiend-like perpetrators of the fearful crimes which have disgraced the country:—but be not satisfied with this. Unless the condition of the peasantry be improved, Ireland cannot remain quiet.

‘I think it probable, that not less than one hundred and fifty millions of money have been drawn out of Ireland since the Union; never to return. How different would the circumstances of that country have been, in regard to civilization, industry, domestic comfort, moral elevation, manufactures, and commerce, with the employment of so considerable a capital as this! On the present system, Ireland never can advance either in agricultural improvement, in manufactures, or in commerce. Retrograde is written upon all. It is impossible, too, for the country to support the present population, under the absentee system. The landlords must return, and make common cause with their distressed tenants: return, under a full conviction of their errors, with a sincere desire of discharging a long neglected duty to their country. If they will not, let them prepare for the consequences. The wrongs they are inflicting on their afflicted country are not easily cognizable by human laws, but are within the reach of another code. God, who is the guardian of the poor, will vindicate their cause. If attachment to native country be a virtue, and the mark of an honourable mind, what shall we say of that part of the aristocracy and gentry of Ireland who have deserted the land of their forefathers, and who feel no farther interest in it, except to squeeze as high rents as possible out of the almost empty pockets of their oppressed tenants?’

‘If they will shut their eyes on the danger which threatens, it will only accelerate the crisis. They may instruct their agents to seize the poor man’s little stock, and force him from the land; this may be done at the point of the bayonet. The land and cabin will then be vacant, but where will he find one hardy enough to occupy the deserted spot? This system may be persevered in, perhaps, until half or more of the estate is without tenants. But I ask, where is all this to end?’ pp. 117—119.

But all is not barren. Some of the estates even of absentees present most cheering exceptions to this gloomy picture. The conduct of the Drapers’ Company of the City of London is beyond all praise. They possess estates in the county of Derry to the value of about £10,000 per annum, which, since the year 1816, they have taken more immediately under their own management. On coming into possession of the land at the expiration of a long lease, they resolved that, for a number of years, not less than one third of the rental should be expended in draining, planting, building, the encouraging of agriculture and manufactures, and general improvements. A deputation from their own court was appointed to visit the estates from time to time, that nothing might be trusted to report, but the whole

estate be brought so far as possible under their own inspection. The gratitude and attachment of the tenants, the tranquillity and prosperity of the estate, have amply justified the wise and beneficent experiment. To the deputation, the visit has uniformly been in the highest degree gratifying: they have been received like princes—we should rather say, with the genuine feelings of a warm-hearted and generous people towards their benefactors. Knowing this to be the fact, (and we believe it to be by no means a solitary instance of the complete success of a similar policy,) we are fully disposed to admit the sobriety of the Writer's challenge when he exclaims:

' Let no one say, "I would return, could I consider myself safe among my tenantry." Make the trial. Return with a determination to pay off, as speedily as possible, the long arrear, and be assured of your safety. Had I a large estate in that country, and time given me to mature my plans, for the personal and domestic comfort of my tenants, and for their moral elevation, I should not be afraid of sleeping without a bolt. Be but kind to them; let them be satisfied that you are their friend, and they will give you abundant proof of their attachment.

' Give me a chosen band of schoolmasters, and allow me to go forward, *without opposition*, in the scriptural education of children and adults, and in the circulation of the Bible, and I will enter the most barbarous and disturbed district in all Ireland, without fear; confident, by the blessing of God, of raising the moral character of the people, of inducing respect to the laws of God and man, and of thereby superseding the services of legions of soldiers.

In similar language, the anonymous Author of an eloquent pamphlet which is ascribed to a Catholic barrister of very high respectability, thus appeals to the Administration.

' We would say to the Government, Be not on all occasions an instrument, at the pleasure and at the caprice of a greedy and careless gentry, with which to whip and to goad the people. They will clamour and talk big, and enlarge upon the grievances and hardships of their case. The remedy is in their own hands. Let them educate the people; let them be kind and considerate landlords. They will tell you, they are not safe in their own houses; they cannot take the air but at the peril of their lives. Ask them, *is his Grace the Duke of Devonshire safe when he visits his Irish estates, and goes freely among his tenantry? Are his agents every where in safety, in the house, and on the hill, and in the valley?* Then let them go and do likewise. And let not the government of the country, the common protector, as it ought to be, of the poor as well as the rich, forget its dignity and its duty, lending itself upon all occasions to the passions, and the rapacity, and the indolence of an arrogant gentry. Leave them to the consequences of their own misconduct, and they will be compelled to act right. If they find that government is no longer disposed to be a servant at their command, with whip in hand, to chastise the beggarly and vulgar kinds that dare to mutiny; they



must even try these troublesome and inconvenient means of education and good treatment.\*

But we turn from the political to the moral condition of this much injured country. Among the obstacles which lie in the way of general education and the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, Mr. Steven adverts to the state of the Protestant Church-establishment.

‘The vast number of parishes which are without any resident clergy, is an obvious hinderance to the march of education, and cannot fail to involve the rulers of the church of Ireland in a solemn responsibility.† It will scarcely be credited, that there is, at this very time, in one district, a space of one hundred square miles, and that not in a thinly inhabited or mountainous part, but in one of the finest counties in Ireland, in which there has neither been a church nor resident clergyman in the memory of man.

‘The union of many parishes in one, too, presents a serious impediment to the intellectual and moral improvement of the people. I will give one instance, out of many, in which eleven parishes are united. This parish has only one protestant minister, although there are priests and coadjutors in it, to the number of about twenty.

‘This is, indeed, an alarming evil. The circumstance of there being no resident clergyman, or, as in the latter case, of a great part of the parish being ten or twelve miles from the church, renders it necessary for the Protestant parishioner, being destitute of clerical service, to apply to the Catholic priest, (who, with his curates, invariably resides in the parish, there being no non-residents in that church,) for the baptism of his children; so, also, when he is sick or dying, he is often so ignorant as to apply to the same quarter for absolution.

‘In this way, there has been a great accession of nominal Protestants to the church of Rome; so that in districts where, fifty or sixty years ago, there was a considerable body of Protestants, there is now scarcely one family left. And had it not pleased Almighty God, in his great mercy to Ireland, to raise up a noble band of faithful cler-

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\* “Thoughts and Suggestions on the Education of the Peasantry of Ireland.” 8vo. pp. 58. London. (Cadell) 1820.

† ‘I know what is usually urged by the non-resident clergy, as an excuse for their dereliction of duty. “We have no cure;” i. e. there are few or no Protestants in the parish. To such I would say,—your sin is written on the front of your excuse. It is this which has so seriously reduced the number of Protestants. “You have no cure.” Have your Catholic parishioners no souls? Are there not a thousand ways of serving them, in return for their contributions towards your comfort? I fear, the Chief Shepherd, in the great day of account, will not admit of your plea. “You have no cure.” I ask, in the name of reason, of religion, and common honesty, why, under these circumstances, you exact your tithes, without an equivalent, from the poor who have another establishment to support?’

gymen in the Establishment, who preach the Bible doctrines of that church; to institute the Hibernian Bible Society, the London Hibernian Society, the Hibernian Sunday School Society, and other similar institutions, and to send forth village missionaries; in fifty years, as matters were going on, there would scarcely have been found one Protestant among the lower classes in the country parts of Ireland.' pp. 25-27.

Other obstacles present themselves in the shape of a spurious candour and an intolerant bigotry; but what the Writer considers as a still more formidable enemy than either, is, 'that monstrous 'incubus, apathy.' With regard to the first, there is, we are told, an anomalous class in Ireland, who are warmly contending for the *political emancipation* of the Catholics, but are wholly indifferent as to their *ecclesiastical* emancipation; refusing to exercise their local influence on their estates, to prevent the priests from assuming an arbitrary power over those parents who are willing to have their children educated. 'They can stand 'by,' says Mr. S., 'and see, unconcerned, large schools broken 'up, the Scriptures cast out and burned, and the hearts of the 'children and their parents almost broken at not being allowed 'to attend the schools which they prefer.' The opposition to 'Bible schools' on the part of the Romish clergy, has been of late on the increase throughout the whole of the Catholic districts; and has, in some counties, put on the form of open outrage.

'The enemies of education have, in one place, burned a very excellent school-house and a master's dwelling house, and afterwards proceeded cruelly to card the master, and in doing so, they broke two ribs on one side, and one on the other, so that his life was despaired of.\* In a multitude of instances, the whole of the artillery of the church, *allowed in that country*, has been opened on the offending parents who dared to exercise the inalienable right of disposing of their children as they pleased. Numbers have, notwithstanding, exercised this right, fearless of the consequences, and, in the face of threatenings the most appalling, have continued their children at the schools of the Society;—others, alarmed and terrified, with grief have confessed that they must withdraw them.

'The growing desire of the Catholic parents for the education of their children, has compelled the Priests to open schools in a way of self-defence. In these schools, they can no longer (as formerly they did in what they called schools) abstain from teaching the children to

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\* 'This diabolical process is effected by driving a number of nails through a board, in imitation of a card. They strip the object of their fury, and drag this instrument of torture up and down the bare back, till the ribs and backbone are bared. Mortification and death frequently follow.'



read. But, though reading is taught in them, they are, as far as I have observed, wholly destitute of the Scriptures. I have visited very many of them, and never found one copy of either the Rhemish or Doway Testament in use. They appeared altogether destitute of books, no provision being made for their supply. If they had any, which was rare, I found them generally very improper, being just what the cabin of the parents, perchance, could furnish.' pp. 36, 7.

Mr. Steven repeats this important assertion still more distinctly, in arguing against the adoption of the Catholic versions. The parents of the children, he says, make no objection to the Protestant version, until excited to it by the priests; and whenever the priest has in sincerity approved of the introduction of the Doway Testament, he would, if pressed, have consented to the use of the Protestant version.

'The truth is, that the Church of Rome will not allow their own Scriptures, under any circumstances, to be in the hands of the laity, nor circulated through the schools. In proof of this, I have visited a great number of the Catholic schools, and never found in one of them a single copy of the Scriptures.'

Some of the most pleasing instances are given of the strong attachment of the children to the schools. 'The priest may take away our books,' said one boy, 'but he cannot take them out of our memories.' In some places, the priest stands at the corner of the street with a whip in one hand and a crucifix in the other, to chastise the children belonging to his flock whom he finds going to the Society's school. Mr. Steven mentions an instance in which this is notoriously practised: the children collect in numbers, and cautiously approach the dreaded corner; a general burst then takes place, and it is a race between them and the priest. 'And there are not a few Protestants,' adds Mr. Steven, 'who can quietly suffer the priest to take his course, who would join in the cry against the Protestant minister, were he to imitate him.'

In spite of all opposition, the cause of education is going forward. So anxious are the parents, in many parts, to obtain it for their children, that the Writer has known them voluntarily offer to build a school-house, and actually help in its erection without wages. It is only, he says, the want of funds, which prevents the Hibernian Society from doubling the number of its schools.\* Schools have been successfully instituted in some of the prisons; in particular, in the county gaol of Sligo. Mr. Steven states, that above 150,000 children, and above 7000 adults, have en-

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\* In one county, a clergyman has pointed out to the Committee eligible situations for thirty schools, which he would be willing to take under his superintendence, but, from the want of funds, it is doubtful whether the Society can pay any attention to the application.

tered the Hibernian Society's schools since the commencement of its labours, of whom not one, that he has ever heard of, has been arraigned for any crime; although, out of every thousand of the population, it is calculated that twenty-one are annually committed to prison.

With regard to the merits of the Hibernian Society, both as to its plan and its general management, we have pleasure in availing ourselves of the unsuspecting and decisive testimony of the eloquent Catholic writer already referred to. If such a society has not yet obtained its due share of public attention and support in this country, it can in no degree be attributed to the inferior importance of the object, or to any defect in its constitution.

‘ The London Hibernian Society has been fortunate in the adoption of a plan more suitable than any that has yet been tried to the circumstances of Ireland. They do not interfere with the religious profession of the people; but they give the Gospel to all who are willing to receive it: and they insist upon having it read in their schools, by children of a proper age and capacity. Upon this ground, they have had to encounter, as is always the case, much difficulty. But they have persevered. They meet one class of objectors by giving, where it is preferred, the Catholic version of the Bible, without comment or note\*. They disarm another, by putting the schools, where they can do it, under the superintendence of the Catholic priest. But with all this, they have met persons who could not be satisfied, and suspicions that could not be lulled. Persons little anxious that the poor should be educated by any process, yet, who carry their tender concern for their Catholicity to an amazing extreme. And while they are so anxious for this faith, pay it the extraordinary compliment of their opinion, that it is much more consistent with an ignorance of the Gospel than a knowledge of it: and much more compatible with an ignorance of letters, than an acquaintance with them. It is clear that no arrangement can satisfy such persons, that they are bad Catholics and worse Christians.

‘ The plan of teaching adopted by the Society is excellent; and their system of constant inspection and superintendence of their schools, insures their usefulness. The profits of the schoolmaster are made also to depend, not upon the number merely, but as well upon the proficiency of the children. Acting upon principles so wise and excellent, it would be reasonable to expect that this Society must have made great progress; and accordingly they have been eminently successful. Their schools are to be met with every where in Connaught, and they are extending themselves rapidly in other parts of

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\* This is a mistake. Some noblemen and gentlemen who are patrons and friends of the Society, have, we believe, individually distributed, in some instances, the Catholic version; but the Committee have not been able to satisfy themselves as to the necessity or expediency of the concession.



Ireland: their number is about five hundred, and the number of children instructed about sixty thousand.

'We would say to those who still object to the plans of this Society; between whom and the Gospel in any shape or form, there can be no reconciliation,—" 'Tis well; only adopt your own plan. Let the poor be taught. We do not object to your teaching; we object to your neglect. . . . Where you teach, we will not interfere; but we will occupy the waste ground. Otherwise, your system would be a sentence of perpetual barrenness upon the land—of perpetual ignorance upon the people. To such a sentence we cannot submit. The Protestants of England, the Protestants of Ireland, will not consent to it. The Catholic laity of Ireland will not obey it. The people must be instructed." . . . . . For those to whom Ireland has any interest; for the people of England who would repay the injuries of ages; for those whose generous bosoms pant to do good, here is a thirsty soil that will drink the dews of their benevolence, and return a thousand fold.

'The Hibernian School Society is better adapted to the circumstances of Ireland than any other; but this very adaptation, as it enlarged the sphere and the power of its usefulness, so it has checked its career in midway. Its funds have failed.'

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Art. V. *Scripture Antiquities*: or, a Compendious Summary of the Religious Institutions, Customs, and Manners of the Hebrew Nation: compiled from the most authentic Sources, and designed as an Introductory Help for the better Understanding of the Scriptures. By the Rev. John Jones, Curate of Waterbeach near Cambridge. 12mo. pp. 292 (cuts). Price 5s. London, 1821.

**THIS** is a very useful and well compiled summary of Biblical Antiquities, and, on account of its cheapness, will be very acceptable. It is divided into five Parts. Part I. The Sacred Times and Seasons observed by the Israelites. Part II. Their Sacrifices and Oblations. Part III. Ecclesiastical Persons, and Jewish Sects. Part IV. Sacred Buildings and Places. Part V. Civil Customs and Manners of the Hebrews.

In the account of the city of Jerusalem, Mr. Jones has adopted the usual errors; but, for one error, he is personally responsible. The sepulchral caverns described by Dr. Clarke, in the passage referred to in the note, are not 'towards the west,' but southward of modern Jerusalem; and are supposed to mark the site, not of the 'mountain of Calvary,' which mountain never had an existence, but of Mount Zion. The Author will do well to revise the whole of this section. His chapter on the Criminal Code might have derived some advantages from his having consulted the elaborate work of Michaelis on the Laws of Moses.

In the section on ecclesiastical persons, the Author is charge-

able with the common blunder of confounding, or teaching his readers to confound, the widely distinct characters of *priest* and *presbyter*. The legal or ceremonial purity required in the Levitical priest, is repeatedly alluded to in the New Testament, but not as implying the slightest similarity of office or character between priests of old and ministers of the Gospel: it is in reference to the general body of believers, that St Peter says, "But ye are a holy priesthood"; and that St. Paul beseeches those whom he is addressing, to present their bodies "a living sacrifice." With regard to the *appropriateness* of the Ordination Service, Mr. J. 'must think and let think'. In the section on Tithes, we have the following remarks:

'From the case of Abraham giving the *tenth* of all the spoil to Melchisedeck, the priest of the Most High God, and from that of Jacob vowing and solemnly promising to give to God the *tenth* of all that God would bless him with, we see that tithes are of very ancient origin. Almost all the nations of the earth, particularly the Greeks and Romans, have agreed in giving a *tenth part* of their property to be employed in religious uses. *Reason* seems to point out the propriety of consecrating part of one's substance for the support and subsistence of ministers of religion, who were obliged to devote their time and labours to the work of the ministry, and consequently were deprived of the opportunity of providing for themselves in any secular way. And *experience* found out that a *tenth part* was a *necessary* and *just* proportion for that end. Hence this mode of supporting the Priests and Levites was instituted by God himself as the most *rational* and just, and thus, the law of tithes was enacted.'

As to the antiquity of tithes, there can be no controversy; nor will any one be found to deny the propriety of consecrating *part* of one's substance to the maintenance of religion; and further, as a general rule, the tenth of a man's income may be with good reason deemed a proper portion to be set apart for that purpose. Some divines have insisted upon this as the law of Christian liberality, and many private Christians have conscientiously acted upon it. But would our Author contend, that the tenth of a man's income should therefore be taken from him by the State, to be distributed among the clergy and the parish poor? We presume not. His reasoning, therefore, which, if valid, would prove too much, proves, in respect to the modern law of tithes, nothing. Neither in the design, nor in the circumstances, nor in the application of the Jewish tithes, is there the slightest analogy to the existing tithe-system, which, had it no other support than it derives from reason, experience, and Scripture, would long since have fallen to pieces. No real Christian can consider himself as 'consecrating', in the tithe the law exacts from him, a part of his substance to God. It is there-



fore, a sad abuse of words, to adopt such language in reference to it. In deciding what proportion of his income he should set apart for purposes of piety and benevolence, he must put what the State demands of him in the shape of tithe and poor's rate wholly out of his calculation. He then can do no better than adopt the rule of a tenth; and the advocates and receivers of tithes, to be consistent, should themselves set him the example; remembering always the Apostolic direction: "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver."

On the whole, while we wish that Mr. Jones had kept clear of these 'vulgar errors', we do not hesitate cordially to recommend his work, which does great credit to his industry. A short section on the geography of Palestine, though not strictly within the Author's plan, would, perhaps, have rendered the volume more complete as an introductory help to the understanding of the Scriptures.

Art. VI. *Metrical Epistles chiefly from Florence.* 12mo. pp. 148.  
Price 5s. London, 1821.

WE have readers to whom the most varied or elaborate Number of our Journal would be incomplete without a poetical article; and such is the prolific exuberance of our versifiers, there seems to be no danger that we shall be at a loss for matter to gratify them. The work before us is a trifle, but an elegant one; and it suits our present purpose better than a volume whose higher pretensions might tempt or force us into critical discussions.

Florence is—or was very recently—high in the favour of English emigrants of the *beau monde*. These Epistles from Mr. M., and Mrs.—, and 'the Lady's Maid Jane,' contain a tolerably lively and faithful description of the sights and the perils, the sweets and the sour, the wonders and the drawbacks attendant on tourification and a winter in Italy. We have been much amused with the letters of the Lady's Maid. For instance, her description of the horrors of the Simplon, is what hundreds of her betters have thought and felt, though they have not dared disclose it.

'In the Valais I gaz'd on the wonderful Crows,  
That travelled thro' England with so much applause:  
They came with the beasts and were shown at our fair,  
But here they are thought neither monstrous nor rare.  
Then we went along hills by the side of the Rhone;  
Here a poor muddy stream and the colour of stone.

At mid-day we stopt at the sign of the Lion,  
 In the dismal and capital city of Sion.  
 I wonder they give such a name to a place  
 Where ideots and Crows are the principal race.  
 Lack a-day! when we came to the village of Brigg,  
 I declare I'd have given my life for a fig:

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But a danger at distance will often appear  
 A great deal more dreadful than when it is near;  
 And I took the precaution that commonly serves,  
 To strengthen my spirits and settle my nerves;  
 I swallow'd my drops, and so slept half the day,  
 And saw nothing of caverns and rocks in my way,  
 'Till we came to the Simpel, and simple was he  
 Who made a fine road for no creature to see.  
 'Tis covered with snow the best part of the year,  
 And there is not a gentleman's residence near.  
 The trustee of the turnpike has set up an inn,  
 'Tis dismal without, but they're civil within:  
 I pity the people, for once in the morning  
 They found themselves buried without any warning;  
 And can we do less than civility show  
 To those who for our sakes are buried in snow?  
 The morning we left this delectable place,  
 We travell'd for miles without seeing a face:  
 I don't count the men with their shaggy black locks,  
 Who stood on the road to mend caverns and rocks;  
 I don't count the sheep, nor the goats wild and gay,  
 Who stared at the strangers and bounded away;  
 Like children who stare at the company's coach,  
 Half pleas'd, and half frighten'd, to see it approach.  
 We went by a precipice deep as St. Paul's,  
 Then by mountains and rocks that seem'd turrets and walls:  
 Then thro' caverns and caves like the tombs under-ground;  
 There I. M. P. *imp*, and some figures I found;  
 Which I thought were an epitaph raised over head  
 For some venturous traveller mix'd with the dead.  
 But that *imp* was Napoleon, so famous in story,  
 Who cut for himself this new pathway to glory.  
 He finish'd this road in eight hundred and five,  
 But now like the *Simpels* he's buried alive. pp. 20-2

The following is her mistress's more polished description of the scene.

'As onward we climb to the mountains of snow,  
 Our journey is awful, and silent, and slow;



But calmly we toil round the perilous steep,  
 And eye the dark gulfs of the terrible deep.  
 'Tis fearful and dizzy to turn and look down,  
 When the guide points his hand to the miniature town;  
 And above us the chalets peer forth from the sky,  
 Like the nest of the eagle suspended on high.  
 The wild roaring cataract foams from above,  
 Where the mountain-pine waves in the desolate grove;  
 Dark crags topple o'er us and narrow the way;  
 And cold rocky caverns that shut out the day;  
 And ocean-like avalanche, stormy and dread,  
 Is threat'ning to break o'er the wanderer's head.  
 But e'en in these wilds, there are patches of green,  
 Where the low friendly Houses of Refuge are seen,  
 And sun-beams enliven the pathway between.  
 Thus smiles sometimes beam round the lips of despair,  
 And we think them the sweeter because they are rare!  
 But little I deemed in so savage a place  
 To have seen a fair model of beauty and grace:  
 Young Geneviève\* blooms like a rose-bud unseen,  
 And like fabled shepherdess, lovely her mien.  
 She sat at the door of her Alpine retreat,  
 With a babe in her arms, and a dog at her feet;  
 And she said, "Gentle stranger, O tell me, I pray,  
 The day of the month, and the hour of the day;  
 For our sand-glass is broke, and we hear not a chime,  
 And have no pleasant sabbaths to measure the time:  
 Of spring-time and summer but little I know,  
 Except by those flowers from the valley below,  
 That stand in my casement and fade in a row.  
 My spouse is from home, but from wolves we are free,  
 And my dog is a guard for my baby and me.  
 In the winter *Cartouche* and his master must go  
 To rescue the stranger o'erwhelm'd by the snow;  
 And then how intently we watch his faint breath,  
 And warm him, and cheer him, and snatch him from death."  
 She smil'd, and I saw that fine feelings might glow  
 Beneath a wild garb, on a mountain of snow;  
 And bounteous the heart of the fair Geneviève,  
 For her last summer flowers to a stranger she gave.  
 'Thus we travers'd the Simplon with awe and delight,  
 The gulfs and the rocks were a marvellous sight;  
 As if, at the fiat of infinite might,  
 They were starting from chaos, and bursting to light.  
 The torrents were foaming above and below,  
 And wild rose the Glaciers and mountains of snow.

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\* 'Genevieve lives at the third house of Refuge, on ascending the Simplon, from Brigg.'

An avalanche may fall at a sound or a breath,  
 And man journeys along in the shadow of death;  
 He looks if the houses of refuge are near,  
 When the storm is abroad, and the snow-drifts appear.  
 But calm was the air, when we past thro' the wild,  
 And near the abyss we stood safely and smil'd.  
 O thus, when we reach life's invisible bourne,  
 May we look to *our* Refuge, nor sigh to return!" pp. 38—41.

These lines are very pleasing; but we must turn over to another leaf of the waiting-maid's journal, dated Florence.

' Well, my travels are ended! to Florence I'm come,  
 They'll be lucky, dear girl, if they catch me at Rome.  
 I am sure neither wages nor board-wages pay  
 For all the *discomfort* one finds on the way.  
 A postchaise is pleasant for ladies *within*,  
 But not for their maid, who gets wet to the skin;  
 Who is certain the worst of bad bed-rooms to share,  
 And to starve on *ragouts* and such trumpery fare;  
 Who must travel for months without hoping to see  
 A piece of good toast or a cup of black tea;  
 And what is still worse, at a vile Table d'Hôte,  
 Must sit near a clown in a livery coat.  
 "Is the Jeu worth the Chandelle?" I heard t'other day  
 My master enquire, and my lady said "yea!"  
 What picturesque tourist would dare to say "nay?"  
 All those who have travell'd, seem leagued in a plot  
 To seduce from their country the folks who have not;  
 For when the *highflyers* return to their nest,  
 They can't leave their stay-at-home neighbours at rest;  
 But wherever they call and wherever they dine,  
 Talk of pictures and statues and every thing fine,  
 Till the happy *house-dove* feels ashamed not to go,  
 To acquire "*je ne sais quoi*," and be quite "*comme il faut*."  
 She must cross the salt seas, 'ere she gets into France,  
 And the Alps and *nine* hills should she farther advance;  
 But great her reward when at home she is able  
 To hold up her head as she sits at her table,  
 And say with her guests, "I have travell'd that road,  
 And there's nothing so charming as living abroad."  
 How few really think it so wond'rous a treat  
 To gaze at the pictures and statues they meet!  
 These images put one in mind of a ghost:  
 I'd rather by half fix my eyes on a post,  
 Mark'd "this way to the hall," and the Red Lion near  
 Is a painting I love beyond any one here:  
 They both promis'd comfort and English good cheer.  
 But I say I'm delighted, as other folks do,  
 And talk of my virtue, by some call'd *vertù*.  
 I have strain'd my short neck, and have blinded my eyes,  
 To look at the domes, and the saints in the skies.



For fashion's sake merely I went t'other day  
To see, not to *hear*, a most tragical play,  
Of one Mr. *All fiery*, who wrote his strange life,  
And resided *Lung' Arno*, and married the wife  
Of Charles, the Pretender, who caus'd so much strife.  
The prince and the poet are both of them dead,  
Without a successor to shine in their stead;  
And their lady has set up a court of her own,  
Where all are presented who aim at *bon ton*.  
When at night I return'd, I was delug'd with rain,  
And well may our coachman and footman complain  
That over their heads "all the wide waters meet"  
And tumble straight down in the midst of the street.  
Sweet violets and roses no longer appear,  
And the winter we shunn'd has o'ertaken us here;  
But the Tuscans declare it is ages ago  
Since Florence put on such a garment of snow;  
And to prove it they point to their *salle* without grate,  
Where they hold *conversations* and shiver in state.  
We too must retire to our unchimney'd room,  
And o'er a dull brazier lament our hard doom.  
Father Christmas is come, but without his good cheer,  
And I'd rather work hard than keep holiday here.  
Fine pictures and statues I do not require,  
But I long for roast beef and an English *coal* fire,  
And the beautiful view of my own village spire;  
For believe me, dear Susan, wherever we roam,  
There is nothing like England, there's nothing like HOME!

We add the following lines from another Epistle, not merely on account of their poetical merit, though they are simple and touching, but for the truth and excellent tendency of the sentiment.

' That *De Profundis* o'er the wave  
Seem'd like an echo from the grave:  
And on my terrace near the flood,  
In self-communion long I stood.  
" O were this night my soul required,  
Is my lamp trimmed, my spirit fired?  
I wander on mid scenes of beauty,  
But am I in the path of duty?  
Were it not worthier to appear  
The centre of my little sphere;  
To frown on vice, and lend my store,  
To aid industrious English poor,  
Than thus a talent to possess,  
And wrap it up in idleness?  
Is no one pining to behold me?  
When will a mother's arms enfold me?  
When will my aged sire caress me?  
And does he still exist to bless me?

O quickly, quickly, let me fly,  
 Lest sorrow rise to agony.  
 O'er Appenines and Alps I go,  
 Nor shudder at the wint'ry snow.  
 O it were sweet to dwell at Rome.  
 But sweeter far my welcome home!"  
 Such thoughts, dear Friend, will sometimes steal  
 Amid the joys that travellers feel:  
 A tune, a flower, recal the scene  
 Where tender hearts have happiest been;  
 And native songs that once were dear,  
 Awaken memory's sudden tear:  
 Then harps are "hung upon the willow,"  
 And Beauty sighs on sleepless pillow.  
 Sometimes when youthful friends declare  
 They hate old England's solid fare,  
 And cannot breathe her humid air;  
 That France and Switzerland are fine,  
 And Florence "*perfectly divine!*"  
 I quickly check the giddy sneer,  
 By touching chords to memory dear;  
 And thus half-sportively enquire,  
 "You surely love an English fire?"  
 And when Italian suns are shining,  
 Is there no latent fond repining  
 For balmy dews and fresher glades,  
 Impervious grots and native shades?  
 In winter's bright inspiring morn,  
 Sighs not the youth for hound and horn?  
 Does no one wishfully remember  
 The pleasant trophies of September?  
 And do not female wishes flee  
 To friends or children o'er the sea?  
 And do not home-felt joys appear  
 More precious than the pastimes here?  
 Yes, minds and hearts with rapid bound  
 Return to one dear spot of ground,  
 Endear'd by youthful dreams of love,  
 Or joys that virtue may approve.  
 Then memory pauses to portray  
 The history of the rural day;  
 With some belov'd-one arm in arm,  
 The visit to the school or farm;  
 The cool retreat in sultry hours,  
 Mid friendship, music, books, and flow'rs;  
 The social board with plenty crown'd,  
 The cheerful converse circling round;  
 The blooming boy with eager eyes,  
 Who claims an apple for his prize;  
 The friendly chat from dusk till dark;  
 The moon-light ramble in the park:—



These bounties of indulgent heav'n,  
 "Can man resign and be forgiven?"  
 'Oft when the bell with frequent toll  
 Comes heavy to the traveller's soul,  
 Does he not think of former times,  
 And sigh to hear his village chimes,  
 That drew him to the house of pray'r,  
 The gayest and the earliest there?  
 But now the rustic grieves to view  
 The worthy Squire's deserted pew;  
 And prays with lifted heart and hand,  
 For travellers, both by sea and land;  
 And mainly wishes he could trace  
 His Honour in his usual place.  
 The aged and the sickly poor  
 No longer linger at the door;  
 Nor bow and curtsy in the aisle,  
 To catch his notice and his smile;  
 Nor urchins run with joy elate  
 To open wide the church-yard gate.  
 Where now the succour prompt, tho' brief,  
 That sav'd the poor in days of grief  
 From parish dole of scant relief?  
 Where now the merry Christmas dinner  
 Bestow'd alike on saint and sinner?  
 Alas! the Lazarus at the gate  
 Laments his chang'd unpitied fate;  
 Or wanders round the empty hall,  
 And sighs for crumbs, *that do not fall!*  
 'Travellers! forgive my honest speech,  
 To you and to myself I preach.  
 Let us not spend life's little day  
 "In gath'ring rose-buds" by the way!  
 Nor be our temples idly bound  
 By garlands wove on foreign ground.  
 Let us reject, ere yet too late,  
 The weeds of every foreign state;  
 Nor hate and censure Vice the less,  
 Because array'd in foreign dress;  
 But shun at once her artful face,  
 "Lest we be tempted to embrace."  
 'Twas Pope's good counsel ere the time  
 That morals alter'd with the clime;  
 As if a diff'rent code were lent  
 To island and to continent.  
 Still let us love our sea-girt strand  
 And Sion's songs in foreign land;  
 Not like the out-cast people sent  
 In stranger plains to pitch their tent;

But pilgrims, waiting to depart  
 With staff in hand, and ready heart;  
 And blessing God, where'er we roam,  
 That Britain is our native home!

The Author must excuse us for thus pilfering the best things in his volume. It has, we confess, pleased us not a little; not the less on account of its wearing the appearance of an epistolary negligence and ease; as if these metrical sketches were really written for the amusement of friends at home, under the warm impression of the living scene, and their publication were an after-thought. We should judge from the manner in which the volume is put together, that it consists of selections from the *porte-feuille* of one who has been accustomed to write chiefly for his own amusement, in the spirit of his motto:

‘ En écrivant pour charmer tes loisirs,  
 Entoure toi de plaisants souvenirs.’

Some of the shorter pieces are evidently *let in*. Among these is one which is of so superior a cast both in style and sentiment, that we cannot but believe its Author capable of achieving still better things than these *nugæ*. We should not do him justice in withholding it.

‘ In many a mountain path I’ve trod,  
 And hail’d the majesty of God!  
 I’ve heard the mountain cataract pouring;  
 I’ve heard the mountain thunder roaring;  
 I’ve travers’d the tempestuous sea,  
 And shudder’d at Eternity!  
 But never did my spirit bow  
 Before the Deity as now!  
 And I will raise my Bethell here,  
 For of a truth the Lord is near.  
 He rais’d yon mountains, blue and bare,  
 Like visions in the middle air:  
 He flung the mists about their feet,  
 Like clouds around his mercy-seat.  
 I ask not for a roseate glow,  
 To blend them with our world below.  
 Still let them seem to fancy’s eye,  
 Fair planets in the azure sky,  
 Self-balanced from eternity!  
 Still let a light and floating wreath  
 Dispart them from the earth beneath.  
 I ask no poet’s tranced eye,  
 To paint those visions in the sky;  
 Those floating clouds, those meeting hosts,  
 Young armed knights, mysterious ghosts,  
 Gay minarets, or gothic walls,  
 Great Tell and Ossian in their halls.—



No,—let me muse in holy mood,  
On days coeval with the flood.  
The rifted rocks, from chaos hurl'd,  
Seem remnants of a ruin'd world.  
Where vales and caverns now are dry,  
The waves of wrath went foaming by:  
Where oaks for centuries have grown;  
Where nature's ramparts are o'erthrown;  
In many a flow'ry green retreat,  
Where lovers now are wont to meet;  
In scenes that Gesner sweetly fabled,—  
“Sea monsters may have whelp'd and stabled.”  
And mountains now in middle air,  
Might form the refuge of despair.  
Methinks on yonder topmost crest,  
I trace the precious Ark of Rest.  
Ev'n now the beauteous covenant Bow  
Is circling o'er the realms of snow;  
The valleys smile beneath its span,  
And bless God's pledge to sinful man:  
And all the Alps that tow'r on high,  
Seem deck'd by angel ministry:  
“The world, and they that it inherit,”  
But trammels to the immortal spirit,  
That longs to journey with the dove,  
And reach the ark of rest and love.—  
Poor fancy, ere that goal be won,  
Go on rejoicing in the sun;  
Tho' brief thy day, and brief thy page,  
Pursue thy pleasant pilgrimage.’

pp. 32—5.

Art. VII. *Time's Telescope for 1822*; or a complete Guide to the Almanack: containing an Explanation of Saint's Days and Holidays, with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities, Notices of obsolete Rites and Customs, &c. &c. To which are prefixed, Outlines of Conchology. 12mo. pp. lxiv. 320. Price 9s. London, 1822.

**T**HIS work seems to be kept up with equal spirit and success. Some of the former volumes were noticed in our Journal with the approbation due to the merits of the compilation; and we need do little more than repeat our recommendation of the Author's labours in reference to the present volume, as containing a highly entertaining selection of scientific and miscellaneous information, enlivened by truly elegant extracts. As the Introductions prefixed to the preceding volumes comprise the outlines of Astronomy, Botany, Zoology, Geology, Chemistry, Entomology, and British Ornithology, the Editor now presents to his readers outlines of Conchology. The poetical selections, chiefly from contemporary writers, do great credit to his taste.

Art. VIII. *Sermons adapted for Parochial and Domestic Use.* By the late Rev. J. P. Hewlett, M.A. Chaplain of Magdalen and New Colleges, and Curate of St. Aldates, Oxford. 8vo. pp. 432. London. 1821.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the disadvantages under which a posthumous publication must, for obvious reasons, generally appear, that circumstance will sometimes stamp on the pages of a work, a character of interest and impressiveness denied to the productions of a living writer. There is a certain sacredness attendant on such works, which it would appear almost sacrilegious to violate, by assailing them with censorious criticism. The sentiments of admiration, of esteem, or of gratitude, with which the Author was regarded while living, are associated with these impressive memorials of his earthly existence, by which, "being dead, he yet speaketh." This will be more especially the case when the subjects treated of in the work are of such high and momentous value, as we may suppose would be invested with an increasing dignity, and acquire a deeper interest, in the view of the writer himself as he drew near to the shades of death, and which even the light of eternity would but unveil in still more solemn and impressive grandeur. Under such circumstances, we may almost imagine that we are listening to an Author's dying declarations; that we hear him reiterating, in more than mortal accents, the counsels of wisdom, the expostulations of friendship, or the whispers of pious consolation.

These remarks are by no means intended to intimate that the present volume stands in need of an exemption from a free and candid criticism. The spirit of ardent devotion and genuine Christian benevolence, and the truly evangelical tone of sentiment which pervade it, will ensure its favourable reception with persons awake to the importance of religious truth.

The discourses which compose the present volume, were delivered to the congregation which constituted the Author's parochial charge, without the slightest view to their publication. They are evidently the production of a mind deeply impressed, and anxious to impress others, with the transcendent value and importance of Scriptural truth. There is, therefore, a weight and a solemnity in these addresses, adapted to strike directly upon the conscience and the heart. But the deep consciousness which the Author seems to have possessed of the responsibility of the charge committed to his trust, the views he entertained as to the proper subjects of the Gospel ministry, and the manner in which its duties might be most effectively and faithfully discharged, will best appear from the discourses themselves.

The volume contains twenty-nine sermons. From the third,



on 'the Minister's Commission,' we extract the following paragraphs. The Preacher has been stating the *exalted source* and the *subject* of the Apostles' Commission.

'III. 'To *whom* is it to be preached? "Go ye into all the world," says its Divine Author, "and preach the Gospel to every creature.".....This certainly implies that it is to be preached to sinners of all descriptions; to the young and the aged; the young beginner and the old offender. All stand in need of mercy: none are beyond the reach of it. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—Ho! every one, then, that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat: yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.—Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Him that cometh unto me, (says the compassionate Saviour,) I will in no wise cast out:" on no ground, at no time, in no manner. But are you willing to come? the door of mercy stands wide open for your reception: Oh! take heed that you do not shut it against yourselves by your own pride, unbelief, and perverse, wilful, obstinate love of sin. Do you feel that you have ruined and undone yourselves by sin? Are you willing to come to the Saviour who will save you in taking it away, and to submit to the guidance of that blessed Spirit who will renew your hearts to holiness? Oh! come then without delay; for to you is the word of this salvation sent, that God hath "raised up his Son Jesus, and sent him to bless you in turning away every one of you from his iniquities."

'But the words have a more extended import; the benevolent Saviour will have his Gospel proclaimed wherever the fatal effects of sin and the curse are found. Wherever the natural sun sheds its benignant beams on the abodes of rational and immortal creatures, there, sooner or later, it is the gracious design of the sun of righteousness to "arise with healing in his wings;" and wherever there is a sinner who needs salvation, to him it is the duty of its heralds to say, "Look unto Jesus and be saved!" Alas, that our means are so circumscribed; that we can extend to so few the joyful sound, 'Salvation.' Fain would we proclaim it out so loud, that earth's remotest bound might hear the blissful word, and with lively gratitude echo it back to heaven from whence it came. Grace be with all those, who, with a single eye to the Redeemer's glory, and a humble dependence on his strength, go forth, taking their lives in their hand, counting them not dear unto themselves, but forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease, that they may "preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Grace, mercy, and peace be upon all those who open channels through which the word of life may flow to all kindreds, tongues, and people. We hail with delight this era of Christian benevolence; and our hearts rise in the language of affectionate supplication, "Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us;

yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." We spring forward in delightful anticipation to the glorious day, when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the seas;" when the Redeemer's name shall be great "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof;" and none shall say to his neighbour or his brother, "Know the Lord: for all shall know him, from the least to the greatest." pp. 45—47.

'Christ the object of supreme regard,' is the title of an impressive Sermon, or rather Meditation, on Heb. xii. 2. In this, as well as in the other discourses, the Author's method is altogether inartificial. We extract some of the more striking paragraphs.

' "Looking unto Jesus," *let us trace his life*, and let ours be a transcript of the blessed example. How exalted was the piety that could burn in ardent devotion, through all the chilling damps of evening, and piercing blasts of midnight air! How firm and glowing his devotedness, who said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work!" How ardent his zeal for the salvation of men, who exclaimed, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished;"—a baptism of groans, and tears, and sweat, and blood! How entire the resignation, that could meekly cry amidst the sufferings, from the bare idea of which human nature shrinks, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt!" How unwearied his benevolence, who "went about doing good!" How eminent his patience, who "endured such contradiction of sinners against himself!" How unparalleled his meekness, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not!" How vast the bounty, that miraculously spread a table in the wilderness for thousands! How tender his sympathy, which, in the hour of unutterable agony and death, sought, in the house of a beloved disciple, an asylum for a destitute and afflicted mother! How matchless the forgiveness, that from the cross could beam a look of love and pity on the backsliding wanderers, bestow a crown and kingdom on a returning penitent, and plead for his bitterest enemies, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" May the same mind be in us which was in Christ Jesus; may we contemplate his lovely image, till changed into the same likeness, by the Spirit of our God."

'Looking unto Jesus, we contemplate him, *seated on his mediatorial throne*, as a lamb that has been slain, ever living to make intercession for all that come unto God by him. Our consciences overwhelmed with guilt, are relieved by the sight of Jesus pleading for our pardon, on account of his own merits and sufferings. Harassed with temptations, we find comfort in applying to him, who, having "himself suffered being tempted, is able to succour them that are tempted;" and prays for us, that our "faith fail not." When fears prevail, we hear his gracious voice; "Fear not, I have redeemed thee; thou art mine—No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper—I give unto my sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me



is greater than all ; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one " " Surely," we exclaim, " goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

' But death approaches, heart and flesh fail, we are about to bid adieu to earth and all her scenes ; and what then can support us ? See, yonder is Jesus at the Father's right hand, pleading, " Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me may be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory ;" that " where I am, there my servant may be also." To his hands let us cheerfully commit our departing spirit, assured that he will present it " faultless before the throne of his glory with exceeding great joy."

The style of these sermons is correct, but studiously plain, serious, and affectionate ; they are, indeed,

' simple, grave, sincere,  
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of grace to guilty men.'

On this account, they may be cordially recommended for domestic use and village reading. Of their general merits, our readers will be able to judge from the extracts we have given. It will, we have no doubt, be a further recommendation of the volume, that it is published for the benefit of the Author's widow and bereaved infant family. Mr. Hewlett died in the prime of life, at the age of thirty-nine.

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Art. IX. *Thoughts on Secret Prayer, Fasting, Humiliation, and personal Dedication.* 12mo. pp. 36. Price 1s. 1821.

**T**HESE Thoughts are an abridgement of a voluminous tract on the same subject ; a subject which the Editor states to have been new to him, but which owes all its novelty to modern neglect. Religious Fasting is by some persons identified with the Pharisaism of Popery ; by others, with the straitness and severity of Puritanism ; but it is a practice which, much as it has sunk into disuse, had once the universal suffrage of the Church in favour of its expediency, if not its positive obligation. The Apostolic direction, " Let no man judge you in meat or in drink," may, indeed, be considered as exempting the Gentile converts from the force of any traditional law on the subject, if not as setting aside the observance as a mere Jewish custom ; in which light it may be imagined that our Lord, as well as his Apostles, complied with it, as part of the " righteousness" which it became him who was " made under the Law," to fulfil. The references to it, however, in connexion with prayer, both in the discourses of the Saviour, and in the apostolic history, would lead us to be-

lieve, that the practice itself is not unauthorized by the Gospel, and that the *spirit* of the practice is of more importance than is generally imagined. It is, at all events, a subject deserving of attention and inquiry, and we therefore recommend these "Thoughts" to the devout Christian.

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Art. X. *A Letter on the Subjects of Economical Retrenchment and Parliamentary Reform*: addressed to the Middle Ranks of the People of England. By a Gentleman Farmer. 8vo. pp. 60. Price 1s 6d. London. 1821.

**T**HIS pamphlet is distinguished from the mass of well meant and ill meant essays, letters, and appeals of reformers and amateur politicians, by the moderation of its tone, the tangibility of its suggestions, and the solid, practical character of its reasonings. As coming from a gentleman farmer, it is not less strikingly in contrast with the orations and resolutions by which the Newspapers have recently been embellished, proceeding from that very important and, generally speaking, very unwise class of the community. Now that the shoe pinches the absorbers of the blessed 'boon' of Rent, now that the change in the currency, and the diminution of consumption on the part of Government, have occasioned a fall in agricultural produce, that threatens a permanent fall in the rent of land, thus breaking in upon the '*otium cum dignitate*' of the landed proprietor, these gentlemen are turning reformers and political economists perforce. But most awkwardly do they set about it. As they have been the great promoters of war, and have fattened on the war, and all the corruptions which wars entail; as they have been hitherto the most strenuous opposers of every measure of timely retrenchment, and till lately the deriders of every boding prognostication; it is with a very awkward grace that they now turn round upon their old co-partners in the war-firm of Vansittart and Co. The campaign is about to commence in the Senate, to which these gentlemen will come up from their seats and shooting-boxes, well primed with complaints and alarms, and each with his little specific—a protecting corn-law, that is to say, a *high price protecting law*; a reduction in the interest of the debt, that is, a public fraud upon the fund-holder; or, as a last resource, it may be, an income-tax. Mr. Western will make his threatened attack on the Malt-tax, and other honourable gentlemen will make their assault on some other item in the Ways and Means. And then the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his unperturbed, *unperturbable* meekness of manner, and his calm reliance on figures and good intentions, will rise and tell these gentlemen, that the revenue is improving, that the funds keep up, that the exchanges are in our favour, that he



cannot abate one tax, but, if these gentlemen will but abate their impatience, things will in time come right, and that for his own part, he never was more satisfied as to the past and more sanguine as to the future.

All this will take place as a matter of course; but we must leave it to the proprietors of the new *Prophetical Almanack*, to carry prediction further. In the mean time, we earnestly recommend to all whom it may concern, the perusal of this intelligent *exposé* of the matters in question.

Retrenchments have been made, and are still going forward: they cannot be altogether resisted. But on this very account, the Writer wishes to direct the view of his readers to what ministers might do, that they may be able to judge whether what they actually do, is all that ought to be done. It cannot, he says,

'be deemed illiberal to doubt the sincerity of their efforts, when it is recollected, that only a few months ago, they obstinately and eagerly argued, that it was impossible to reduce the expenditure one single shilling without detriment to the public service. One of them, indeed, had the bad taste, jeeringly to tell the House of Commons, that if it were desirable to have the public business transacted at a cheaper rate, it might apply to Mr. Hunt and Mr. Cartwright to form an administration. After the countenance which these sentiments received, many persons will appear in rather an undignified point of view, when they shall be called upon by these very ministers in the approaching session to pass bills in furtherance of economy.'

It suits the Writer's 'humble style,' in other words, his plain, direct manner of putting his facts, to arrange what he has to say under the following heads:

'I will first endeavour to shew you, that there are other reasons, besides the asserted "ignorant impatience of the people under taxation," why great retrenchment in the expenditure of the Government is necessary—then, that such retrenchment is practicable to a very large amount—and having given the grounds on which I doubt whether ministers will make any powerful efforts for this end—I will advert to Parliamentary Reform—and recommend to your consideration a measure, which it is in your power to take, and which in a moral and religious point of view it is your duty to take; in the hope that the eyes of our governors may thereby be opened to the ruin impending over this great and respectable nation.'

Although some of the Writer's details under the first head, will require to be slightly qualified to meet the precise circumstances of the last quarter's revenue, his reasonings lose none of their force from such slight and immaterial fluctuations in the data on which they are built. His suggestions, under the second head, relative to the *practicability* of further retrenchment on a much wider scale, or at least carried up much higher than has

hitherto been attempted, or will ever be spontaneously attempted by any set of ministers however well-intentioned,—might severally employ discussion; but many of them point to abuses of the most obvious and flagrant description, and the collective force of the Writer's statements must, we think, be impressively felt by every honest reader.

'I do not assert,' he says, 'that the sums, which might possibly have been saved in these last named instances, and in others of the same nature, are of vital importance to the finances of the country; but this I do assert—that a grasping spirit is shewn by most of those who can in any way approach the public purse; they seem to consider any thing they can extract from it as lawful plunder—and, if this spirit be not encouraged, it certainly is not sufficiently checked by those in power. I refrain from any exact calculation, as to what might probably be the amount of savings under the various items, I have named. All calculations on this subject without official information must be loose; but I should roughly guess, that a sum of four or five millions might annually be saved by a general and well conducted effort for this purpose on the part of our Governors. The positive and immediate good resulting to the community from such a saving might be made to operate, either in remitting taxes to its amount, or in giving new life and vigour to the expiring remnant of the sinking fund. The indirect contingent good cannot so easily be computed; it might tend to lessen that distrust, which the nation certainly feels of the honesty of all public men. A general spirit of Retrenchment could not but be accompanied by some such brilliant sacrifices as that made in 1817 by Lord Camden, than which nothing would more contribute to heal the breach that appears to have taken place between the higher and the lower orders.'

The season for palliatives, adds our Gentleman Farmer most truly, is past. Yet, these are the only description of remedies ever proposed when the subject has come under Parliamentary discussion.

'Whenever an abuse connected with the misapplication of public money, rises to such a height as no longer to be met by a jeering question, or the imputation of factious motives in those who bring it forward,—a committee is appointed, which lingers over the business, until the interest excited concerning it is passed by: then follows a feeble report, allowing that some bad customs have existed, and burdening the country in the shape of compensation for "vested rights," to as great an amount as the relief granted.'

'The Writer is driven by his facts and reasonings into the necessity of adverting to the hackneyed subject of Parliamentary Reform; but he treats of this, as he does of the other topics, altogether in a practical manner, enumerating only changes admitted to be desirable, and measures found to be both feasible and useful. If he ever appears to wander for a few moments into Utopia, he speedily returns to the line of sober practicability.'



His recommendation of legal associations to ensure the purity of elections, is a most important one. Such associations would be in the truest sense constitutional associations, and societies for the suppression of vice. Destroy the money value of a vote, and you do much: you destroy the money value of a seat. The direct way to effect this, is by multiplying the voters. Where this cannot be done, the indirect way is, to protect the voter from oppression, and to cut off the temptation to a bribe. Obviate, so far as possible, bribery, at least gross and tangible bribery, and you greatly lessen the expense of elections,—by which men of the best kind are deterred from entering into competition with neck or nothing men of fortune or no fortune, with those who buy in order to sell themselves and their constituents, or with the regularly appointed Treasury candidate. Combinations having such objects in view, as well as the suppression of the disgraceful scenes of vice, turbulence, perjury, and drunkenness, which occur at almost all elections,

would include no stipendiary attorneys, no unprincipled informers, no plotting agents—you would not need to have recourse to craving circulars begging subscriptions, or to pompous addresses alarming the timid, and deluding the ignorant. Yours would be the association of quiet sensible men, seeking a most desirable end by the most open and constitutional means; and if you ever were induced to prosecute, it would only be in cases of the grossest bribery or perjury, which might force themselves on your notice at elections. Who among you would grudge the sacrifice of a little time, or hesitate to endure a little trouble, in furtherance of objects so beneficial? If you would thus combine, Fellow countrymen of the middle ranks—though you would have many difficulties to combat from the opposition of speculators in boroughs, of interested agents, and of the populace, who might fear thereby to lose their feasts, and also their amusements, for in populous places a degree of buffoonery is always expected in the candidates—yet I think, the event would be favourable to your wishes. You would, I think, return to the House of Commons a majority of good and efficient men, ready to enter temperately and with caution, yet with a determination to act vigorously, on the important subjects of Economical Retrenchment, and Parliamentary Reform.

The very rumour of such a combination might do some immediate good, even before its operation could in any manner be effectual. It might tend to open the eyes of our governors to the dangers that surround them, especially as they are already somewhat staggered by the pressure of the times, which even the higher ranks begin to feel in the defalcation of their rents. It must be your aim, through the medium of worthy representatives, to forbid that these deficiencies be made good either directly or indirectly from the public purse. In truth the times have been most trying, and there is still much suffering in all ranks. Many in every class of life have been forced to descend a step in society, to

approach one degree nearer to poverty ; and nothing in sensitive minds can aggravate the fall more than to be obliged to bear the taunts and sneers of well-paid official idlers, who parade through the country with crests erect, and undiminished incomes. Among the people there is much actual misery, much that every where meets the eye, much that shrinks from notice—and that it has been borne with unexampled patience, no one presumes to deny. The people have resisted with unshaken loyalty many temptations to riot and disturbance ; and whenever any popular ebullition has taken place, and the civil authority alone has been employed to quell it, peace has always been immediately restored. They have shewn a forbearance, which argues a knowledge of their strength, and their firm hope in the future. They ask from their Rulers a boon—that the fruits of their industry be not carelessly or wantonly wasted—and however delayed, it must at last be granted.' pp. 55—7.

The country is beginning to understand, that the theoretical constitution of the House of Commons, is of importance only just so far as it bears upon the practical end of rendering that House the jealous and effective guardian of the public purse. Reform is of consequence only in reference to Retrenchment and Economy. Whether this set of ministers, or the other set, shall enjoy and dispense the patronage of the Crown, is a question of no intrinsic interest to the nation. But the stability of the throne, the security of property, our national credit, the very existence of the poor, are all ultimately involved in our system of taxation and finance, in the all important subject of public expenditure. And surely these are interests which may justify a Christian in his anxiety for a constitutional parliamentary reform.

The Author of the present pamphlet writes like a moderate and good man. We have understood him to be a gentleman who, as at once a landed proprietor and a clergyman of the Establishment, may be considered as having a two-fold interest at stake. Whosoever he may be, he is a writer against whom no charge can lie either of visionary views or of party spirit, and who, in his rural seclusion, must look with grief or contempt alike on the madness of Ultras and the blunders of Radicals.

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- Art. XI. 1. *The Annual Biography and Obituary* for the Year 1821.  
 2. *The Annual Biography and Obituary* for the Year 1822. (Vols. V. and VI.) Svo. Price 15s. each. London. 1821, 2.

**T**HESE two volumes include biographical notices of four members of the royal family of England, and of Napoleon Bonaparte. The circumstance is striking, although, with the exception of the last memoir, the royal obituaries form by no means the most interesting portions of the volumes. The memoir of his late Majesty is meagre, in some places trifling, and in others flippant. Among the valuable information which it records, occur the following details :



‘ Soon after this, the Hertfordshire volunteers were reviewed by their Majesties in Hatfield Park, where the royal family partook of a sumptuous entertainment in “ King James’s room ;” this having been once a royal residence.

‘ Among other visits occasionally paid by his Majesty, was one to the late Mr. Rose, at Cuffnells, in the New Forest ; another to Lord Camden, in Kent ; and also to the seat of Lord Boringdon. Lord Milton and Lord Mount Edgumbe were also honoured with the royal presence.

‘ Of royal christenings we shall only mention two ; the one when their Majesties stood sponsors for the son of the Marquis of Salisbury ; the other, for a daughter of the Earl of Chesterfield. On both these occasions, the entertainments were costly and splendid !” pp. 17, 18.

Yet, other less important matters are despatched with exquisite and oracular brevity : e. g.

‘ The second Mr. Pitt was, at first, necessary to his Majesty’s views ; but he afterwards dismissed him, without ceremony and without regret.’  
p. 19.

This, and another short sentence, are all the notice which the biographer condescends to bestow on the ‘ heaven-born minister.’

The memoir of her late Majesty, Queen Caroline, has probably been drawn up by the same facetious hand. It is written with an affectation of caution and impartiality, but has for its evident object, to lower as much as possible in the reader’s estimation the unfortunate princess, or, as the Writer terms her, the ‘ illustrious lady.’ It goes with some minuteness into the disgusting details of the “ delicate investigation,” but is brief and pithy on other points, while it more than insinuates an opinion derogatory to her Majesty’s moral character in reference to Bergami. Some of the statements are positively false ; others are negatively so. We are sorry to see the volume disgraced by an article as unfair as it is unfeeling, and as destitute of literary merit, as of candour or honesty. It were much better to exclude altogether the memoirs of political characters, than to insert such paltry distillations from the Newspapers as these.

The memoir of Bonaparte extends to two hundred pages. It is, on the whole, as respectable a compilation as could be looked for in such a work. But, from the concluding paragraph, we are led to suspect that the Editor is an Irishman. ‘ He’ (Bonaparte), we are told, ‘ was, however, a staunch friend, of which the devoted attachment of Count Bertrand, and other of his followers, is a decided proof.’ We should have imagined that this was a decided proof only that Count Bertrand was a staunch friend to his Master, who is suspected not to have returned the friendship with equal warmth and sincerity. As well might a man be termed the staunch friend of his dog, and

the decided proof alleged, be, that the dog was devoted to his master. 'But,' adds our Biographer,

'the bane of his character was its perfect isolation. He appeared to live almost entirely for himself. In short, in his character, there is somewhat to be commended, much to be admired, more to be condemned, and all to be wondered at.'

We can easily imagine the complacency with which this last sentence was achieved; but it is vicious in style, and though the meaning is felicitously enigmatical, the sentiment cannot be made out to be just. In short, in this Writer's compilations, there is somewhat to be commended, much to be entertained with, more to be tolerated, and all to be corrected.

The most interesting articles are the memoirs of literary men and other persons of celebrated character, in which the Editor has been favoured with the assistance of private friends. The value of the work will mainly depend on such contributions. The department of Neglected Biography, also, is one to which we recommend him to pay particular attention. But let him take care how he gives insertion to wholesale laudations of the characters of the illustrious deceased. That they were wise, and virtuous, and amiable, we all know:

'So they are all, all honourable men.'

But when the assertion is not simply what is called a round assertion, but an emphatic and unqualified one in favour of the individual's unexceptionable life and conduct,—as, in the case of Mr. Hayley, we are told, that his 'life and conduct' are entitled to *the highest panegyric*,—something more than the general licence of biographers and epitaph-writers needs be adduced to justify the exaggeration—it may be incorrectness of the statement. Let the old adage *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*, be adhered to in such works, if the Editor thinks it expedient; but panegyrics like the one above cited, defeat the Writer's purpose, and provoke a reference to points which he either ignorantly or disingenuously passes over in silence.

We are promised in the next volume, in connexion with memoirs of Mr. Serjeant Hargrave and Sir John Macpherson, some important original documents and unpublished letters from Sheridan, Grattan, Whitbread, Lords Camden, Thurlow, Kenyon, and Mansfield, Warren Hastings, and the Archduke Charles. The more of this species of materials, the better. The most amusing article in the volumes before us, is the account of old Courtois, which we shall give as a favourable specimen, just observing, that, if similar pains had been taken to collect authentic particulars, the scanty notices of Francis Moore, alias Henry Andrews, of Dr. Trusler and some other worthies, might have been rendered equally interesting.



The subject of this article affords an extraordinary instance of what may be effected by persevering industry. To this was super-added an economy, bordering on extreme penury, and a passion, or rather, rage for accumulation, that, after the lapse of half a century, actually converted a French barber into a great English capitalist!

John Courtois is said to have been a native of Picardy, where he was born, about the year 1737 or 1738. He repaired to this country while yet young, in the character of valet de chambre to a gentleman who had picked him up in his travels; and, as he came from one of the poorest of the French provinces, he "took root," and thrived wonderfully on his transplantation to a richer soil.

On the death of his master, he removed to the neighbourhood of the Strand; and St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, became the scene of his industry and success. At a time when wigs were worn by boys, and a Frenchman was supposed the only person capable of making one fit "for the grand monarque," he commenced business as a perruquier, and soon acquired both wealth and celebrity. To this he joined another employment, which proved equally lucrative and appropriate, as it subjected both masters and servants to his influence. This was the keeping of a register-office, one of the first known in the metropolis, whence he drew incalculable advantages. He is also said to have been a dealer in hair, which he imported largely from the continent. And yet, after all, it is difficult to conceive how he could have realised a fortune exceeding 200,000*l.*! But what may not be achieved by a man who despised no gains, however small, and in his own expressive language, considered "farthings as the seeds of guineas!"

The following appears to be a true description of this extraordinary man, whom we ourselves have seen more than once:—"Old Courtois was well known for more than half a century in the purlieus of St. Martin's and the Haymarket. His appearance was meagre and squalid, and his clothes, such as they were, were pertinaciously got up in exactly the same cut and fashion, and the colour always either fawn or marone. For the last thirty years, the venerable cha-peau was uniformly of the same cock.

The following anecdote is generally credited;—Some years since, the late Lord Gage met Courtois, at the court-room of the East India House, on an election business. "Ah, Courtois," said his lordship, "what brings you here?"—"To give my votes, my Lord," was the answer.—"What! are you a proprietor?"—"Most certainly."—"And of more votes than one?"—"Yes, my Lord, I have four!"—"Aye, indeed! Why, then, before you take the book, pray be kind enough to pin up my curls. With which modest request the proprietor of four votes, equal to ten thousand pounds, immediately complied."

His death occurred in 1819, in the 80th or 81st year of his age.

## ART. XIII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the Press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLLECTIC REVIEW, by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

Mr. Staunard Melmoth is preparing for publication, the Beauties of Jeremy Taylor, with a memoir of his life, and observations on his writings.

Lieutenant Marshall is preparing for the press, a Naval Biography, to consist of genealogical, biographical, and historical memoirs of all the flag-officers, captains, and commanders of His Majesty's fleet, living at the commencement of the year 1822.

The Rev. John Kenrick, M.A. is about to publish by subscription, a new edition of the late Rev. Timothy Keprick's Exposition of the Historical Writings of the New Testament, with additional notes, in 3 vols. 8vo.

The Rev. T. Durant of Poole is preparing for publication, Memoirs and Select Remains of an only Son.

The first volume of Mr. Sonthey's History of the late War in Spain and Portugal, is nearly ready.

The Rev. J. Trist has in the press, a series of Sunday School Lectures, with a Catechism, in 4 vols. 12mo.

Mr. Crabb is preparing a Technological Dictionary; containing definitions of all terms of art and science, illustrated by numerous diagrams and engravings.

A Tour through Belgium, by the Duke of Rutland, embellished with plates, after drawings by the Dutchess, is in progress for publication.

Mrs. Frances Wright will soon publish, Views of America, in a series of letters to a friend in England, during 1818-19-20.

The Miscellaneous Works of Henry Grattan, Esq. are printing in 1 vol. 8vo.

Mr. Mackenzie has in the press, First Lines of the Science of Chemistry, with engravings.

## In the press:

Memoirs of the Last Nine Years of the Reign of George II. By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. From the original MSS. found in the chest left by his lordship's will to be opened by the first earl of Waldegrave who should attain the age of twenty-one after the year 1800. 2 vols. 4to.

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Travels in Ethiopia: containing a description of the hitherto unexplored countries of Dar Mahass, Dôngola, and Dar Shegya; accounts of the manners and character of the natives, and a history of the expulsion of the Mamelouks from Dôngola, and the campaign of Ismael Pasha against the Shegya Arabs. Illustrated by a chart of the course of the Nile through those countries; with remarks on the probable situation of the ancient cities; and by numerous plans and drawings of the pyramids, and other antiquities there discovered. By George Waddington, Esq. A.M. fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. Barnard Haubury, A.M. of Jesus College. 4to.

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The Satires of Aulus Persius Flaccus, translated into English verse. By William Gifford, Esq. With notes and illustrations, and the Latin text. 8vo.

### Art. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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The private and confidential Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, principal Minister to King William for a considerable period of his reign. Illustrated with historical and biographical notes. By the Rev. Archdeacon Cox. 4to. 3l. 3s.

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## ERRATUM IN ECLECTIC FOR JANUARY.

Page 86, line 17, for Vol. I. read Vol. III.

18, for remaining part of the third volume, read, latter part of the second volume.

The entire sentence, p. 86 line 18-22, has been inadvertently transposed; it belonged to the second paragraph at p. 84.